The Outlook

NOVEMBER 13, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE DAY AFTER ELECTION

The outstanding fact on the morning after election is that while the country is determined to support the President loyally and vigorously in his prosecution of the war, it is equally determined not to surrender into his hands the complete and sole control of the political destinies of the country. In spite of his appeal, it has elected, if not a Republican majority in both houses of Congress, a considerably larger Republican delegation. The New York "World," the foremost organ of the Democratic party in the United States, says at this writing (the morning after election): "The Republicans seem to have won control of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives."

Whether or not the final figures prove the "World's" estimate to be correct, the Republicans have made such striking gains that it is clear that the country desires, as The Outlook said last week, an American and not a Presidential Congress. It wishes that Republican as well as Democratic statesmen shall participate in the gigantic problem of reconstruction which must follow the war, both in this country and in Europe.

Two or three individual instances make this fact all the more clear. Henry Ford, who was generally regarded as in a peculiar sense the President's personal candidate for Senator in Michigan, has probably been defeated by Truman H. Newberry, Assistant Secretary and Secretary of the Navy under President Roosevelt.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, who has been one of the President's spokesmen in the Senate, and who recently introduced a resolution which, if carried, would in blanket form have approved beforehand all the acts and policies of the President in bringing the war to a conclusion, has been defeated by Medill McCormick, at present a member of Congress and widely known throughout the country as a sympathizer with and supporter of what are commonly spoken of as Roosevelt policies.

Champ Clark, the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, has very likely been defeated for re-election in Missouri. If not defeated, his Republican opponent has reduced his majority to microscopic figures. This striking attack upon the Congressional officer whose position is sometimes regarded as only second in importance to that of the President of the United States is ascribed to Speaker Clark's antagonism to the Selective Draft Law. It may reasonably be taken, therefore, as an expression of the purpose of the country to stand behind the President in his war policies even to the extent of defeating his own party representatives in Congress.

Governor Walter E. Edge, of New Jersey, was elected to the Senate, as well as the other New Jersey Republican Senatorial candidate, Mr. David Baird, in spite of the President's special appeal to the voters of his own State to elect the Democratic nominees.

As an offset to these Republican victories it should be noted that Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, has been beaten by his Democratic opponent, former Governor Walsh. The contest between these two was, however, based on a local controversy rather than on National policies. When Senator Weeks was elected, in 1913, he had a lively if not a bitter controversy with Governor McCall, an aspirant for the Senatorial seat which Mr. Weeks finally won. It is possible, therefore, that factional differences within the Republican party led to Mr. Weeks's defeat.

In New York State, where the women voted for the first time in a State election, they did so with interest and efficiency. In many election districts the percentage of registered women who voted was notably larger than the percentage of registered men who voted.

The gubernatorial contest in New York State is very close, so close indeed that there is some danger of a legal contest over a recount of the ballot. The vote for Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic candidate, was unusually large in the city of New York—so large that it completely swamped all the Socialistic candidates—and the vote for Governor Whitman "up the State" was somewhat smaller than usual. Mr. Smith's fine personal record in the State Legislature and in the State Constitutional Convention evidently overcame the reluctance of many New York voters to cast their ballots for a Tammany representative. On the other hand, there were Republicans in the country districts of the State who carried their antipathy for the traditional third-term bogey to the extent of remaining away from the polls.

Finally, it may be said, as we have elsewhere said of the Liberty Loan Campaign, that the people, having cast their votes, have now put the election behind them and are turning their attention to the problems of the future. Although the President made the tactical error of publicly saying that if the country did not return a handsome Democratic majority to Congress, Germany and the Allies would regard it as a sign of divided American public opinion on the prosecution of the war, no one to-day, not even Democratic commentators, regards this as an actual danger. In fact, the country will go on with its prosecution of the war and of the peace settlement with renewed vigor and determination. Our own conviction is that the President will be helped rather than hindered by the new counsel and the new point of view which he will receive as a result of the balloting.

The Outlook Office, November 6, 1918.

GERMANY AND THE ALLIES' TERMS

As we write, on the morning of November 6, the situation as to the armistice for which Germany has asked is this: The Inter-Allied Council at Versailles has unanimously agreed upon the conditions Germany must accept and perform before an armistice is granted; these demands have been put in the hands of Marshal Foch, and the German Government has been informed through Secretary Lansing that Marshal Foch is authorized to receive German representatives and to communicate to them terms of an armistice.

Germany's answer is awaited as we write. No one doubts that the terms precedent to an armistice are such that if accepted and carried out they will render it inconceivable from a military point of view that Germany could renew the war with any prospects of success. The terms imposed on Austria, as shown in following paragraphs, give assurance that those offered Germany will not prove less conclusive.

There are one or two interesting deductions to be made from the President's note to Germany by the hand of Secretary Lansing. The first is that the United States and the Allies are working in complete harmony. The correspondence should allay the fears of those who felt that the German notes to the United States were partly, if not primarily, addressed to the President in the hope that Germany might drive a wedge between the American people and their European associates.

The second deduction is that in any great controversial settlement like that in which the world is now engaged there must be consultation and combination of thought. No one man in even a simple civilian lawsuit can frame the terms of settlement in every detail. In the main, our European allies have accepted the Fourteen Points of the President as their programme, but in two important particulars they frankly state that the President's language has been vague—the very particulars which were questioned last week by Dr. Odell in his article in The Outlook, and which many patriotic observers have been questioning for some time. These particulars involve

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the so-called "freedom of the seas," which was referred to in the second of the President's Fourteen Points, and the question of indemnities to be paid by Germany, which was discussed in points seven and eight of the Fourteen Points. It will be noticed that Mr. Lansing reports the Versailles Council, in which our Government has an equal share, as saying that the President's statement with regard to the freedom of the seas "is open to various interpretations, some of which they [the Allies] could not accept." The Versailles Council therefore expressly reserves to the Allies the right to interpret the phrase "freedom of the seas" after the peace conference begins. In this declaration the President acquiesces without comment.

The second comment of the Versailles Council is that it understands the President to mean by his points seven and eight that Germany will be required to make compensation for all damages which she has inflicted by her unlawful methods of warfare. This, the President says, is his own interpretation. The vagueness in these two important clauses of the Allied programme, for which the President was spokesman in his Fourteen Points, having been cleared away, and the President having now made it perfectly plain that he is working as an equal partner with our Allies, there can no longer be any occasion for the anxieties of those who have feared that the United States might assume too dictatorial an attitude in the peace conference.

CONTINUED VICTORY

It is a great pleasure that one may record that in the week of collapse of the Central Powers the Italians occupied Trent and Udine, took enormous numbers of prisoners, and finally took possession of Trieste, which has so long been the goal on which Italian ambitions have centered; that the Serbs and the French pushed forward and reached Belgrade, Serbia's old capital (the march of the Serbs from the Salonika line to Belgrade in a few weeks seems like a military procession rather than a campaign); that on the western line the British captured Valenciennes (the former report of its occupation was premature); and that our American forces northwest of Verdun cleared the Argonne Forest, advanced north twenty miles to Buzancy beyond, and, in conjunction with the French, have so broken the German pivotal lines east of Laon and the Argonne that, if the war continues, extensive retreat must be made by the Germans in this section.

Under all these circumstances, it is no wonder that readers of the cable despatches look every morning for news of the Kaiser's abdication. The Supreme War Council at Paris has, as above stated, offered terms to Germany for an armistice. These terms should be equivalent to a military surrender. Undoubtedly they will be accompanied by demands for guarantees of such a nature and such an extent as to make it physically impossible that Germany should renew the war.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY OUT OF THE WAR

A message from the British Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, telephoned to London from the Supreme Inter-Allied War Council at Paris, gave the world on November 3 the news that Austria-Hungary had agreed to the terms of an armistice dictated by the Allies. In accordance with this agreement the fighting between Austria-Hungary and Italy ceased at three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, November 4. The armistice was signed for the Allies by General Diaz, commander-in-chief of Italy's armies. The terms of the truce, however, were those laid down at Paris by the Allies jointly.

In a statement sent out from Washington on November 4 the following are declared to be the chief military conditions to which Austria has subscribed:

Total demobilization of the Austro-Hungarian army and withdrawal of all Austro-Hungarian forces on the western front.

Evacuation of all invaded territories and, in addition, evacuation of Austrian territory essentially Italian in population, such as Tyrol to the west and the coastland to the east.

Dalmatia and other territory along the eastern shore of the Adriatic must be given up.

Free use of all railways by the Allies and right to occupy any strategic points in Austria.

Delivery of half of army artillery and equipment to the Allies.

Complete evacuation of all German troops from Italian and Balkan fronts and from Austria, or their internment.

Repatriation of all Allied prisoners, without reciprocal privilege as to Austrian prisoners.

Among the naval conditions are included:

The surrender of three battleships, with other warships in proportion and of fifteen modern submarines, while all other naval craft are to be dismantled at Austrian naval bases under the supervision of the Allies; the Allies are to have freedom of navigation on the Danube and other territorial waters and to take over forts along the Danube; Austria is to evacuate all Italian coasts and forts, and the Allies are to take over all the fortifications at Pola; all naval prisoners are to be repatriated by Austria, but the Allies are to retain Austrian prisoners; the blockade by the Allies remains in force and Austrian ships are liable to capture, but merchant vessels of the Allies may not be taken by Austria; there must be no destruction of materials or ships before evacuation or surrender.

Germany has now lost every ally; her internal conditions are deplorable; Bavaria is giving signs of uneasiness. It is now impossible to see any likelihood of Germany's success in the war; the only conceivable move which suggests itself as a possible last and desperate throw of the dice of war by Germany would be an attack by its fleet on the British fleet, and its chance of success in such a general naval engagement is small indeed.

Many fear a tyrant; no one loves a tyrant. Germany has had servile helpers; she now finds that they have no desire or power to aid her further and that each one is busy only in trying to save its own wreckage.

THE BREAK-UP OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

We have referred on the previous page to Austria-Hungary as affected by outside events. As affected by inside events, the week ending November 6 was no less striking.

The result is that the Dual Empire has broken up into the long-prophesied independent units—Czechoslovakia, Ruman-Hungary, Magyar-Hungary, the German State of Austria, and Jugoslavia. In each of these sections an independent Parliament is now functioning.

There are also some Soviets active in the Austro-Hungarian army, but these Soviets, it should be noted, are not, like those in Russia, assemblages of "Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates," but assemblages of "Workmen's, Soldiers', and *Citizens'* Delegates." The distinction is vital.

As to the influence tending towards anarchy on the part of this or any other assemblage in the former Dual Empire, the fears of many observers may not prove to be as well grounded as they were in the case of Russia, because the peoples of Austria-Hungary are far more educated, alert, and independent in all their social and political activities.

The most striking events of all have taken place at Prague and at Budapest, where independence seems to have become a reality. The Czechs have cut the railway between Berlin and Vienna where it passes through Bohemia.

The new Hungarian Government has as its head Count Michael Karolyi, whose portrait appears on another page, as President, and Count Theodore Batthyanyi as Foreign Minister. Hungary's "iron man," Count Stefan Tisza, who had been twice Premier and who had been popularly regarded as one of the instigators of the war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, has been assassinated—not an unfitting end for one who had fought so many duels, one of them with Count Michael Karolyi, his lifelong and bitter opponent.

The movement towards establishing a republic is less strong in Vienna than in Prague and Budapest, but its evidences are sufficiently striking to give some color to the reports that the Emperor Charles has been compelled to leave Vienna and take refuge in his country place at Gödöllö in Hungary.

THE SURRENDER OF TURKEY

The total collapse of the Turkish military power through the victories of General Allenby, General Marshall, and General d'Esperey made a humiliating surrender inevitable. The collapse is, if possible, even more complete than that of Bulgaria. A Turkish officer was received by Allied representatives

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the island of Mudros, terms of the surrender were agreed upon, and the existence of an armistice was made public on November 1. So far as any possible future military action is concerned, the armistice is really a list of concessions which make it inconceivable that Turkey should re-enter the war. The international and political future of Turkey are still to be considered.

The principal terms accepted by Turkey include: The opening of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and the occupation by the Allies of the forts upon these straits; the delivery in Constantinople of all Allied prisoners of war and interned Armenians to the Allies unconditionally; the immediate demobilization of the Turkish army, except small forces needed to preserve order; the surrender of all war vessels in waters occupied by Turkey; the indication by Turkey to the Allies of the positions of all mine fields, Turkey to assist in removing mines if required; the evacuation of northern Persia and Transcaucasia by Turkish forces; the withdrawal of Turkish troops from Galicia and garrisons from outlying places; the removal of all German and Austrian forces from Turkish territory; the cessation of all relations between Turkey and the Central Powers; facilities to the Allies for buying coal, oil, and other materials. Minor conditions enforce these provisions and lay down detailed directions for carrying them out.

In accordance with this agreement hostilities between the Allies and Turkey ceased on noon of Thursday, October 31, 1918. Probably before these words are read the Allied fleet will be at Constantinople. A great force of mine sweepers is, as we write, clearing the Dardanelles of mines. This is a work of enormous difficulty and large extent.

It will be noted that the conditions above summarized, while they do not specifically state that Constantinople is to come under the military power of the Allies, assume it. The opening of the Black Sea to the Allies is an obvious consequence. Here, however, there is a possibility of resistance, because German naval officers are in command of the warships which formerly belonged to Russia and were seized by Germany. This fleet is said to contain nine or ten fairly good warships and numerous small craft. It has three ports in the Black Sea as bases—Odessa, Sebastopol, and Nikolaiev. If the fleet does not surrender, it will undoubtedly be overcome. Then the Allies will have open, through the Black Sea ports, possibilities of going to the aid of Russia which must not be neglected.

The future of southeastern Europe and Asia Minor require that Turkey, now reduced to military impotence, should cease to be, as it long has been, a bloodthirsty tyrant, coercing, oppressing, and at times slaughtering subject peoples. Peace in the Balkans, peace in Asia Minor, death to German hopes of continuous influence from Berlin to Bagdad, all depend on the right solving of the Turkish question.

DENMARK SPEAKS

Much has been said about the claims of Alsace-Lorraine towards a reunion with France. Little has been said about the claims of Schleswig with regard to a reunion with Denmark. And yet the case is fairly analogous to that of Alsace-Lorraine.

As a result of the war of 1864 between Prussia and Denmark, the two northern duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were taken over, respectively, by Prussia and Austria. As a result of the war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia, Prussia took over the duchy which had been Austrian.

The Treaty of Prague, which ended the Prussian-Austrian War, provided that "the populations of the North of Schleswig [who are entirely Danish] shall be again united with Denmark in the event of their expressing a desire so to be by a vote freely exercised." That vote was never taken. It was delayed by Prussia on one pretext or another, and in 1878, with the assent of Austria, Prussia abrogated the clause.

Denmark has now sent a note to Germany demanding that the treaty provision be carried out. Certainly Denmark has chosen the right moment. First, Germany is more powerless to protest than she has been for a long time. Second, Denmark can point to increasing evidence of the desire on the part of many Germans to give back Alsace-Lorraine to France if by so doing they may obtain peace. Though the piracy of 1864 antedates by several years that of 1871, when Germany obtained possession of Alsace-Lorraine, there is no reason why one of these piracies should not be righted as well as the other. Third, Denmark can also point to the fact that, despite the expropriation of land, the importation of many Prussian settlers, and the introduction of Germanized schools, Schleswig, especially in the north, has remained Danish in language and in spirit. Prussia has not succeeded better in assimilating the Danes to the north than she has the Poles to the east and the French to the west.

Of course Denmark would like to recover Holstein as well as Schleswig. But, in the first place, Holstein is far more German than is Schleswig, and, in the second place, the Kiel Canal runs through the province. As long as Germany controls this canal the Baltic is a closed sea. It should be an open sea. The canal should be neutralized and not be the property either of Germany or Denmark. Denmark realizes this, and is not only willing but would be glad to see the canal internationalized.

But the main point at issue is to right a wrong which has been done to a steadfast Danish population, a wrong quite as flagrant as that done to the people of Alsace-Lorraine or of Prussian Poland.

THE LIBERTY LOAN

Having paid out its money for a splendid support of the Government in the Fourth Liberty Loan, the public has put that great campaign behind it, is pressing forward to new and important endeavors connected with the war, and has now little interest in the Fourth Liberty Loan except as an achievement well done. But as a matter of record it should be stated that the proceeds of the loan have now been authoritatively announced by the Secretary of the Treasury. The six billion dollar loan was over-subscribed by nearly a billion dollars, or, to speak exactly, $866,416,300. More than 21,000,000 subscribers, it is estimated, participated in the loan, which constitutes the greatest pledge yet made of National unity in prosecuting the war. There were some 4,500,000 subscribers to the first loan, about 9,500,000 to the second loan, and some 18,300,000 to the third loan. There are about 20,000,000 families in the United States, estimating an average of five persons to a family, so that, according to the law of averages, every American family is represented in the fourth loan. "A particularly inspiring part of the campaign," said Mr. McAdoo in making his announcement, "was the subscription of the men in the Army of more than $75,000,000, and of the men in the Navy of more than $43,500,000. Our soldiers and sailors have shown that they are not only willing to fight, but to lend to the limit of their means to back their Government." As President Wilson well said, this is a "people's war," and the American people are more and more recognizing that fact.

THE UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

"I do not know when this war against the German Empire will come to an end, but I know this, that the war for the salvation of young American manhood has only just begun and that it is going to keep up." So spoke Secretary of War Baker on Sunday night of last week to an audience of some fifteen thousand persons representing the three great religious groups—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Mr. Baker spoke as a protagonist for the United War Work Campaign to raise $170,500,000 for seven welfare agencies—the two Y's (the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.), the National Catholic War Council, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, the American Library Association, and the War Camp Community Service.

As an indication of what "the war for the salvation of young American manhood" means, we quote from a letter written by a Y. M. C. A. worker at the front. We note from it that our young men are being benefited not only as to their own personal morale, but also as to an attitude of tolerance, and particularly to a healthy shame because of our delay in entering the war:

> Over here I am really happier than I have ever been before. . . . I like the kind of religion that makes a man *like* other men, makes him know them and be tolerant of them, not tolerant of vice, of course, but of men. There is a difference between sin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a sinner. . . . I wish men would not "cut loose," but when they do I cannot find it in my heart to shun them.

When a man comes over here . . . . he sees wooden-legged men and defaced men and other things that indicate how terribly the countries at war have suffered. Then there rises something that slaps him in the face. It is this: Why under heaven did not America function more readily? Why were we so blind to what this thing means? Why did we get so rich while others were fighting for things that we stand for?

The Y. W. C. A., relieving the wants of the thousands of American women in war work overseas as well as providing protection and recreation for the 1,500,000 women engaged on "war orders" at home; the National Catholic War Council and the Jewish Welfare Board, co-ordinating Catholic and Jewish strength in similar endeavors to those of the "Y's;" the Salvation Army, ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of the men at the front; the American Library Association, providing reading matter for every American soldier, sailor, marine, and prisoner of war; the War Camp Community Service, which in one month alone last summer, at one of the six hundred communities (and it operates in all of them) adjacent to training camps and stations, fed over three thousand men at its canteen, while the same number slept in its dormitories—these are organizations of which America feels proud.

In some quarters the question has been raised, Will the campaign of November 11–18 be postponed because of the influenza epidemic? It will not. The epidemic constitutes a handicap, it is true, but the disadvantages of putting off the campaign outweigh any apparent advantages of delay. The fact that the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign, the most stupendous undertaking of its kind in history, has been carried through to success during the same epidemic, shows what can be done. While State and municipal health regulations may prevent the holding of mass-meetings in some places, experience shows that from the small informal groups many of the most prized gifts are forthcoming.

The feeling that the war may end soon is preventing some people from being influenced by the pleas to give. Those people should be reminded of two things: First, that if the war ends shortly, the year or two years required for the period of reconstruction and to bring our forces back will be a period when, without the stimulus of fighting, there will be a tendency to let down moral standards. Secondly, they should know that the organizations above mentioned are about launching a great educational campaign to last during the time of reconstruction. Some two thousand professors and teachers in American colleges and schools have already been mobilized. The British and French universities are to help in the undertaking. At least $8,000,000 to be spent for text-books and books of reference for the coming winter alone will be required. As no provision has been made for this educational programme in the $170,500,000 asked for immediate needs, this particular plan affords a reason why there should be a large over-subscription.

ANOTHER CIVIL SERVICE STEP BACKWARD

Last week The Outlook described the attempted civil service step backward as noted in the Census Bill now before Congress. But this is still only an attempt.

A real step backward—a step already definitely taken—is described by the New York "Sun" in its criticisms of the Act of Congress passed in 1917 authorizing the creation of a Federal Inspector of Explosives in every State and the President's astonishing appointments thereunder.

According to the Act regulating the handling of explosives during the period of the war, an attempt was made by the friends of Civil Service Reform to provide that the inspectors should be appointed according to Civil Service rules, thus striking out the provision in the bill that they should be appointed without regard to Civil Service requirements. Unfortunately, the attempt was unsuccessful.

The result of the reactionary course of Congress and the President is seen in the fact that to the office of Federal Inspector of Explosives, one requiring technical knowledge, expert skill, and special experience, we find the appointees practically without primary qualifications for such a post of responsibility. The "Sun's" statement is as follows:

Number of inspectors of explosives	48
Republican inspectors of explosives	0
Democratic inspectors of explosives	48
Appointed on Democratic recommendation (probably)	48
Democratic State and county committeemen appointed	10
Possible previous experience in handling explosives	3
No information as to experience	4
No previous experience in handling explosives	41

THE BROOKLYN DISASTER

It may well be questioned whether the killing of eighty-five persons and the serious injury to at least one hundred others on the line of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit on November 1 should be called a calamity or a crime. Investigations now under way by city authorities and National authorities may answer this question. If the answer is that the destruction of these scores of citizens was due to criminal act or criminal negligence, unsparing prosecution and punishment should follow, whether the wrong be that of an individual or of a corporation.

It ought not to be possible to run a train of three wooden cars in the center and steel cars at either end at high speed over switches and around curves. Nothing is more certain than that if such a train is derailed wholesale slaughter will follow. If the Public Service Commission's rules allow such trains to run in such a way, instant action is called for. If the rules do not allow this, punishment should follow.

Still more obvious is the indication of criminal negligence if it be true—and it does not seem to be denied—that the motorman placed in charge of these hundreds of lives was a "green hand" and that he was a train despatcher and not a motorman. The taking of such a risk as the running of a fast train by an inexperienced operator should not be conceivably possible even though all the trains on the road were to stand still.

But the question of responsibility goes even further. The reason given for putting an inexperienced man in charge of the train is that many of the employees were on strike. This is not an excuse, and it is very doubtful if it shifts the responsibility. It is affirmed that the strike grew out of a refusal of the company to obey the injunction of the War Labor Board to restore certain men to their positions. These men, their sympathizers declare, were laid off solely because they were union men, but usually under the pretense of another reason.

The wise and patriotic agreement reached long ago for war purposes by the War Labor Board and the labor element represented by Mr. Gompers and others was that union men should not strike, but should submit their grievances to the War Labor Board. On the other hand, corporations were not to "lay off" men solely because they belonged to unions. As we understand it, the company familiarly called the B. R. T. is unwilling that its employees should belong to unions, and whenever possible has got rid of men known to be union men. We refrain from expressing an opinion as to the facts until the matter has been investigated by the War Labor Board.

It is always an advantage for a man or a corporation charged with wrong-doing to come into court with clean hands. It is impossible in this case to forget that less than four months ago the District Attorney of Kings County made a presentment before the Grand Jury of that county condemning in scathing language the treatment of employees by that company, and especially denouncing the conditions and treatment of women workers. These charges were described in The Outlook in its issue of July 17 last. No indictment was asked for because of the lack in the State of New York of statutes which would permit an indictment on the facts, but the Grand Jury characterized the treatment of the women as lax and reprehensible.

ARE ALL GERMANS HUNS?

Captain James Norman Hall, an American aviator in France, who is known to the readers of The Outlook by his contributions to our columns and to a still wider circle of readers by his interesting narrative "High Adventure," was taken prisoner last summer, and writes to the editor of the "Atlantic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

TOO LATE!

THE HOHENZOLLERN CONFLAGRATION

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"COME IN, THE WIRE'S FINE!"

DIPLOMATIC ENTANGLEMENTS TO BE AVOIDED

Darling in the New York Tribune

"BUT JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS THEY'RE AS GOOD AS THEY CAN BE"

THE BOCHE HOODLUMS HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART

Dowd in the Passing Show (London)

First War-Office Lady Clerk: "Why does Major Dash always wear spurs in the office, I wonder?"
Second Ditto: "Oh, simply to keep his feet from falling off the desk."

Thomas in London Opinion

Jock (acting as loader) to disappointed Sportsman: "Och, I wadna be doon-hearted, sir. If ye canna hit them, ye're sadly weakening their morale."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monthly" from his prison camp a letter from which we make this extract:

> May 7. I was taken by some German aviators to their aerodrome and had lunch with them before I was sent on to the hospital. Some of them spoke English and some of them French, so that there was no difficulty in conversing. . . . I sat beside the fellow whom I was attacking when my wing broke. I was right "on his tail," as we airmen say, when the accident occurred, and had just opened fire. Talking over the combat with them in their pleasant quarters, I was heartily glad that my affair ended as it did. I asked them to tell me frankly if they did not feel rather bitterly toward me as one of an enemy patrol which had shot down a comrade of theirs. They seemed to be surprised that we had any suspicions on this score. We had had "a fair fight on an open field." Why should there be any bitterness about the result? One of them said to me, "Hauptmann, you'll find that we Germans are enemies of a country in war, but never of the individual." My experience thus far leads me to believe that this is true. There have been a few exceptions, but they were uneducated common soldiers.

We are glad to give space in our columns for this incident, written by one whose loyal Americanism no one can doubt. It is in striking contrast with many, perhaps we should say most, of the stories which have reached our shores from the German prison camps. The explanation may be in part that there is a difference in Germany between the treatment accorded to officers and that accorded to privates; in part, that there is a difference, and a very great difference, between the treatment of prisoners in different camps; but it is in part an evidence that all Germans are not Huns, and that, although inhumanity and lawlessness are characteristic vices in Germany, they are not universal.

SHALL WE PUNISH GERMANY?

GERMANY is beaten to her knees.

To her knees? No!

To fall upon one's knees expresses repentance, confession, prayer for pardon. And Germany is not repentant, does not confess, asks no pardon. She asks only for a respite that she may have an opportunity to consider whether she will resume the war in the spring.

But she is defeated. We know that she is defeated. Her allies know that she is defeated. She herself begins to suspect that she is defeated. And now that she begins to recognize her defeat and yet asks no forgiveness, offers no reparation, confesses no wrong, remains the same cruel, unrepentant Hun, our instincts for revenge begin to assert themselves. They incite in us the desire to see Germany get as good as she has given; to see her cities burned, her fields laid waste, her homes made desolate; to see carried into Germany the fire and sword which she has carried into Belgium and France. We begin to understand the imprecatory psalms as we never understood them before. We wish that we could make our own such prayers as these of the ancient psalmist:

> "Happy shall he be, that rewarded thee as thou hast served us."
>
> "As for the head of those that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them.
>
> "Let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire; into deep pits, that they rise not up again."

Why not indulge these desires? Why not offer these prayers?

Because we are living in the twentieth century after Christ and the writer of these psalms lived in the sixth century before Christ. To desire to do to the Germans what the Germans have done to their neighbors is to confess ourselves Germanized. It is to permit the German spirit to conquer our spirit while our armies conquer the German armies. It is to become Huns.

The instinct is natural. But we are to be guided by our reason, not by our instincts. We are to be governed by our conscience, not by our passions.

The German nation is a criminal. It ought to be punished. It will be punished. But it does not follow that the Allied nations are to do the punishing.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." That was the teaching of Paul, a great religious teacher in the first century. That the most efficient punishments are those which nature inflicts was the teaching of Herbert Spencer, a great non-religious teacher of the nineteenth century.[1] Their phraseology was different, their meaning is the same. Natural punishments are divine punishments; for God works through nature.

There are two duties laid upon the Allies in this hour: One, to make Germany restore the property she has stolen and repair the evil she has wrought, in so far as reparation is possible; the other, to deprive Germany of the power to attempt ever again the crime of conquest. In compelling reparation it is the right, if not the duty, of the Allies to enter German territory and see to it that the burden of reparation falls most heavily on those who are most responsible for inciting the German nation to its criminal career.

In protecting the world against any attempted repetition of the crime, it is the right, and it may be the duty, of the Allies to deprive Germany of the army she used in her brigandage on the land and of the navy she prepared for her piracy on the seas.

It is not the duty of the Allies to punish Germany, but it is the duty of the Allies not to prevent the punishment which nature—that is, God—will impose upon this brigand nation.

She has lied infamously, frequently, shamelessly; she has conspired against the peace of nations when she pretended to be their friend; she has set at naught international laws to which she had subscribed; and she has broken solemn promises without hesitation and with no other excuse than the saying, "Necessity knows no law." She has proved that she cannot be trusted. Was she crazy? then she must be put in a strait-jacket. Was she criminal? then she must be put in handcuffs. No reliance should be placed by other nations upon her word until a new Germany has proved herself entitled to the confidence which the old Germany has thrown away.

She has lost her right to a place in the family of nations. Five years ago she was a companion; now she is a convicted criminal. We do not welcome back into equality in society or government the man whose crimes have proved him unworthy of such equality. This convicted criminal should not be allowed any place in the council chamber when the civilized nations meet to determine what conditions of peace they will accord to her. If she does not consent to the terms they establish, she must be made to submit to them.

For the same reason, if a League of Nations is formed to protect the world from a recurrence of this tragedy, she must have no place in that League until the league which now exists and has justified its existence by saving civilization from the Hun is satisfied that she is a Hun no longer. An unrepentant and unreformed criminal ought not to be admitted to the police councils of the community of nations. He must first prove his new character by his new life.

No League of Nations ought to insist on a removal of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace. As the nation has no right to compel the individual citizen to buy his goods of a neighbor whom he distrusts, so a League of Nations has no right to compel one of its number to buy goods of a nation which it distrusts. Liberty of trade must not be sacrificed to equality of trade. There must be a democracy of nations as well as a democracy in the nations, and each nation must remain at liberty to make for itself its own trade conditions. For a considerable time to come the label "Made in Germany" will make any article to which it is attached taboo. This is one part of the penalty which nature inflicts upon a trader, whether an individual or a nation, who has been convicted of infamous crime. No League of Nations ought to attempt to annul this penalty.

Germany was a member of the family of nations. The bonds which constitute the nations a family are mutual confidence in each other's integrity and mutual regard for each other's rights and interests. No covenants of peace, whether open or not, can be a substitute for this spirit of international comity. Germany has rudely broken the ties which united her to this family of nations. No one but herself can mend the broken bond. She was a citizen; she is an outlaw; and an outlaw she

[1] "Is it not manifest that as 'ministers and interpreters of Nature' it is the function of parents to see that their children habitually experience the true consequences of their conduct—the material reactions—neither warding them off, nor intensifying them, nor putting artificial consequences in place of them?"—Herbert Spencer, "Education," p. 178.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must remain until she has won back the place in the household which on the first of August, 1914, she chose to abandon. The penalty which follows is inevitable. The Allies need do nothing to inflict it. They ought to do nothing to prevent its infliction.

Another and bitterer penalty she must suffer—one impossible to describe, difficult to imagine. From an article by Philip Hemenway Chadbourn in the November "Atlantic" we make two extracts. The first describes an experience of the writer before the war. He was a temporary guest of a party of German explorers in Babylon. One of his hosts,

> speaking with slow precision and punctuating each word with a tap of his forefinger, said,—"Mark my word! The next time we go into France we will take it all, all, I say, to the Channel and to the Mediterranean. But we may give back Paris, perhaps, for to Germanize it would spoil it. . . . Then he resumed, . . . "Yes, we will draw a circle around Paris, and keep it *tout-à-fait* Parisienne—a place where we can amuse ourselves when our serious work is done."

The second experience was a year later; the war was going on, and Mr. Chadbourn was in charge of the feeding of the French civil population in a district of invaded France. His host, a German count, read the latest note from President Wilson, a protest against the taking of American lives on the high seas; and, more than a protest, "it contained a distinct warning." The count,

> leveling his malevolent eyes upon me, a guest and a foreigner, . . . said in a ringing voice,—"Come on, America, weakling number seven; we will finish you up in two months!"

Published utterances from German clergymen, college professors, captains of industry, statesmen, military leaders, up to the Kaiser himself, give abundant evidence that these two utterances are characteristic of the German spirit. The American people are not modest nor humble, but it is impossible for an American to picture to himself so colossal a self-conceit.

The President in one of his past utterances has expressed hope for a victory which will leave no sting behind it. The day of humiliation when Germany lays down her arms at the feet of her conquerors, once so despised, will leave a sting which no surgery can extract and no opiate can relieve. The Allies should follow the counsel of Herbert Spencer—they should attempt neither to ward it off nor to intensify it, and need not put any artificial consequence in the place of it.

But these penalties from without are not all. There is certain to be a political revolution in Germany. It is not certain that it will be a bloodless revolution. It does not seem probable that the Socialists of Germany will imitate the Bolsheviki of Russia. But five years ago it did not seem probable that the citizens of Germany would imitate in Belgium and France the deeds of Attila. Cruel lawlessness inspired by the lips of Nietzsche and von Treitschke has fallen on Belgium and France in an unparalleled campaign of robbery, murder, arson, and lust. There is no assurance that it may not fall upon the disorganized Empire of Germany in a like campaign from her own disillusioned and embittered population. Whether it does or not, her people will eat "the bread of sorrow" and "drink the wine of staggering." But it is not for us to prepare the bread and the wine.

WHAT WE EXPECT OF THE NEW CONGRESSMEN

Before this issue reaches our readers the election will have taken place. Loyalty has been the supreme issue. But there are certain other issues and tendencies which, though subsidiary to the supreme issue in the campaign, now confront the new members of Congress and are of much pertinence and importance. We wish that the new members would ask themselves the following questions:

(1) Are they going to persist in the old-fashioned hodge-podge extravagance and pork-barrel system of accounting, or are we finally to have, as Great Britain has, a proper budget system?

(2) Are they to persist in the absurd franking and leave-to-print privilege system by which speeches never delivered may be printed and franked to the constituents for campaign use?

(3) Are they going to persist in the present unnecessarily large number of Congressional committees, some of which have little legitimate legislative work to do, and which really exist only for the purpose of making places for as many Congressmen as possible on committees?

(4) Are they going to persist in swamping Congress with personal and local legislation? Why should they not rather try to confine the attention of Congress strictly to matters that are in scope purely National?

THE HUGHES REPORT

For more than a year the country has been uneasy about the airplane situation in the War Department. Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, has had full charge of the building and equipping of airplanes for war purposes. His task was a gigantic one, and to support him Congress made gigantic appropriations. As long ago as last January—to be exact, in the issue of January 16—The Outlook reviewed the situation, reported some published facts, and alluded to some facts that had come to it from unimpeachable sources, with the following comment:

> What is the duty of the American public, whose fighting sons, brothers, and husbands are awaiting the weapons with which to win our victory? The unpardonable sin is indolence and lassitude, or the paralysis of official red tape hidden under the plea of military secrecy; and it is the sin of the public if it permits inaction. In the light of the rifle and machine-gun revelations, it seems necessary that the public should demand the truth concerning our airplane situation.

The public anxiety finally became so great that in June the President appointed ex-Justice Hughes, of the Supreme Court, as a special investigator to study the whole subject of war aircraft production and to report upon it. The appointment showed that the President took a very broad and patriotic view of the necessities of the case, for Mr. Hughes was his opponent in the last Presidential election.

The Hughes report has now been made public.

It should be said in the first place that the report is a long and exhaustive one, covering 182 printed pages, and that complete and final judgment upon its findings ought to be reserved until it is accessible and read in its entirety. But enough of the report has been published verbatim in the press despatches to sustain the findings of inefficiency, bureaucratic red tape, financial extravagance and waste, and even moral turpitude which the Senate investigation of last August brought to light.

When we use the phrase "moral turpitude" we do not mean to imply that Mr. Hughes has charged any one with financial corruption or peculation; but he does distinctly charge Colonel Edward A. Deeds with making a "grossly misleading statement" regarding the achievements of the Government in its production of airplanes, and of maintaining improper relations with business concerns and business associates that had a financial interest in manufacturing airplanes. Mr. Hughes recommends that Colonel Deeds be tried by court martial for his conduct.

Colonel Deeds was appointed, presumably by Secretary Baker, as Chief of the Equipment Division immediately under the authority of General George A. Squier, who had sole charge, under the Secretary of War, of aircraft production. General Squier is exonerated from all criminal or moral blame for the failures in the great work of which he was the head, but his "competency" for his post is questioned by Mr. Hughes. Two or three other subordinate officers of the Aircraft Production Department are accused of improper relations with their former business interests. Mr. Henry Ford is personally charged with laxity in his treatment of enemy aliens and pro-German sympathizers employed in his plant. "In deference to Mr. Ford's view, those in direct charge of production who were alive to the situation have had to pursue a policy of constant watchfulness and supervision instead of being free to take the precautions which the exigency demanded." The danger of such laxity is found in "the serious risk that is taken in permitting men of known pro-German sympathies, whatever their citizenship, to work in aircraft plants in any important capacity."

But the important feature of Mr. Hughes's report is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found in specific charges against special individuals, but in the assertion, or, if not in the assertion, in the implication, that the department of the Government responsible for the quick and effective production of fighting airplanes was honeycombed with inefficiency. On this point Mr. Hughes says:

> The controlling facts and the conclusions in relation to the matters reviewed have been stated under appropriate headings. It would be impossible to restate them in a brief summary. The defective organization of the work of aircraft production and the serious lack of competent direction of that work by the responsible officers of the Signal Corps, to which the delays and waste were chiefly due, were matters for administrative correction through unification of effort under competent control. The provisions of the criminal statutes do not reach inefficiency.
>
> It is not within the province of this report to make recommendations with respect to administrative policy, but it should be said that under the direction of Mr. Ryan and Mr. Potter there has been improvement in organization, and progress has been made in gratifying measure.

In an editorial in the September 4 issue of The Outlook commenting upon the Senate aircraft investigation the following opinion was stated:

> We regret to have to say that the country will hold Secretary Baker personally responsible for the collapse of our aircraft programme. He has resisted the formation of a single department with a Cabinet head. The President ought not to permit this resistance any longer. As Commander-in Chief of the Army and Navy, President Wilson is entitled to the profound thanks of this country for his remarkable accomplishments in organizing the largest, finest, and most efficient body of fighting men that any republic has ever sent to war. By using the same methods in producing its equipment that he has used in organing this Army he will add to the debt of gratitude his country already owes to him. We wish that the President might realize this and create a special department with a man of power and authority at its head. This is the only effective remedy for the War Department's present failure in airplane production.

This view of the situation is confirmed, it seems to us, by Mr. Hughes's judicial and impartial report.

CONCERNING SOPHONISBA AND THE PRACTICAL LIFE

They were sitting under the stars discussing the problem—always vexing, but in a world in ferment baffling, it seemed, beyond solution—of just keeping alive; the problem of three meals a day and a half-dozen beds to make, of so and so many rooms to keep neat, of cooks and waitresses and washerwomen and cows and vegetables and furnaces.

The Lady Eremite was as one who has flung herself again and again in vain against an impregnable line of armed men—undismayed, but considerably bruised. She was evidently weary, for words came slowly and sparsely from her; and she lay back in her chair with a detached air as though the subdued humming of many insects was of deeper solace to her at the moment than any arguments. The day's work was over, she said to herself; the children—thank the Lord!—had put in their last call for "a dinka water," and were asleep.

The Happy Eremite, observing her relaxed form in the dim light, knitted his brows, conscious of a pang of sharp sympathy. He had no words to offer her; he himself was baffled. In other years he might have said, "We'll have another servant, and damn the expense;" but now there were no such things as "other servants" to be had, and they were spending more for one maid than they had spent for two a few years ago. Of course they might shut up the house for the winter and move into some two-by-two apartment nearer town, where maids were still to be had, but moving was an endless drain on the treasury. Altogether the problem was tough.

He said so, aloud.

Sophonisba, tall, dark, slender, with her love for bright-colored, flowing garments which, when she stood with arms outstretched, made her look for all the world like some glowing butterfly, listened, frowning too, but quizzically and a little impatiently. She was a vivid, brilliant creature, a musician and something of a composer, with a frank contempt of the *Hausfrau* type. The Lady Eremite shrank a little more deeply into her chair, seeing Sophonisba's eyes flashing as if for combat.

"Don't you both take housekeeping too seriously?" asked Sophonisba.

"Anything that takes up practically nine-tenths of a woman's energy," said the Happy Eremite, "is a serious subject."

"But that's exactly the trouble. It shouldn't take up nine-tenths of any woman's energy," cried Sophonisba.

"Of course it shouldn't," said the Lady Eremite. "But when the only help you can get does half work for double pay, I don't see what you are going to do about it. Especially when the work that *is* done is not done very well. I should like to have time for reading and time to brush up the things I used to play on the piano and that I feel are slipping away from me. But keeping the house in order is my obvious job, and I have to attend to it, even if I do seem to grow stodgy and dull."

"Oh, but you're not growing stodgy or dull," cried Sophonisba, quickly.

"Oh, yes, I am," said the Lady Eremite, quietly. "Don't I know it?"

There was a pause. Sophonisba's husband tactfully interposed with a query as to the potato crop, which the Happy Eremite, with his mind elsewhere, answered in ten words, leaving the silence again to the two women. Sophonisba was the one who broke it.

"I've simply made up my mind that I won't be a slave," she exclaimed. "I can do certain work that may not be very important to the world, but is important to me. It is utterly foolish for me to bother with the endless details of housekeeping when I can spend the time composing or learning to play some piece that is going to give pleasure to other people. So I get servants I can trust, and then I trust them, and devote myself to the things that really count. And the scheme works. It really does. I don't have any trouble at all."

"Theoretically," remarked the Happy Eremite, "the scheme is perfect. But perhaps you have had unusual luck with your kitchen-mechanics."

"Bridget *is* wonderful," Sophonisba admitted. "But even if I had a slattern in the kitchen and I had an Idea for a bit of music, why, I'd think I was committing a sin if I let housekeeping interfere with it."

"But some one has to do the work!" cried the Lady Eremite. "The work is there. It has to be done. If any of us neglects her own job, sooner or later the work falls, in one way or another, as an extra burden on some one else."

"But, don't you see," answered Sophonisba, "housekeeping isn't my job. Making music *is* my job. I pay other people to do my housekeeping for me."

"Theoretically," repeated the Happy Eremite, "the scheme, as I remarked before, is perfect. I have tried it, by the way. I tried it on my farm. I wrote a lot of verse and plays and things, trusting to the male equivalent of your Bridget to do that part of my job which consists in keeping my family supplied with milk, eggs, and vegetables, while I pursued the Elusive Idea."

"Was the result dreadful?" asked Sophonisba.

"Rather," he answered, gravely. "You see, we lost a lot of money which we ought not to have lost, and so we can keep only one maid at the present rates and the Lady there has to do double time."

"The answer to that is," Sophonisba cried, quickly, "that your male equivalents to my Bridget were unreliable."

"And the answer to that," the Happy Eremite replied, still rather seriously, "is that the angels in heaven have to be looked to sharply, I have no doubt, or they will let their harps get out of tune."

All this was in midsummer. Destiny, which plays extraordinary tricks, sent Sophonisba and her excellent husband on a pilgrimage of entertainment through the American camps in France in the early autumn, and sent into the Happy Eremite's head the notion of closing his rather large house for the winter and renting Sophonisba's attractive cottage, a mile nearer the village. It would be a tight squeeze for a family of rambunctious children, but housekeeping would be simplified.

The Lady Eremite made a brief but thorough examination of the house. "I thought my suspicions of Sophonisba's Bridget were pretty well based," she said to the Happy Eremite. "You

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might stop at Mrs. Washington's and ask her if she'll come for two or three days." Mrs. Washington was the Negro washer-lady.

Mrs. Washington could not come. She had a wedding in the family. Neither, inquiry proved, could any other scrubwoman spare the time for so menial a task as house-cleaning.

"Oh, these poor, abused creatures!" cried the Happy Eremite. "Give me two pails and a scrubbing-brush and I'll clean that house myself."

He did. It took him a solid week. Bridget's conceptions of cleanliness had been hazy indeed. He scrubbed floors and woodwork; he thrust inquisitive hands behind dressers and into corners long uninvaded; he worried dust which had evidently never been worried before. Once or twice he thought, not without a sense of panic, of an article or two which he should be writing, since they were already overdue; and more often still he ached for a day alone in his study to conjure into shape and substance the sonnet that was blowing like some vague but potent spirit through his being. But he thrust temptation sternly behind him. And on the sixth day he looked about and saw everything that he had made clean, and behold it was very good.

"I hope that Sophonisba's ruthless pursuit of the Ideal has, at least, been successful," he remarked that night to the Lady Eremite, not without a touch of grimness. "It has been very expensive."

"I am devoted to Sophonisba," mused his Lady after a long pause. "She is a fine, daring spirit, and we should all be poorer without the music she makes. She thinks I am just a household drudge, but perhaps just because I am I need the beautiful things that she can give. But I believe it is a rule of the game of life that we should all of us carry our own weight, do our own chores. No amount of proof that some of us are fit only for physical labor will ever convince me that others of us are therefore divinely exempt from it. The physical work is there to be done. Either with our own hands, or with our brains, directing other hands, we must do it. If we shirk, the burden falls tenfold on others."

"I found Madeleine's tricycle outdoors this morning," said the Happy Eremite. "There was a heavy dew last night. I suppose it would have taken less than thirty seconds for her to draw it into the garage. It took me fifteen minutes to wipe the rust off it. There in a nutshell is the whole tragedy of the Sophonisbas of this world. A scrubwoman, under Sophonisba's eagle eye, would have cleaned that house for about ten dollars. I suppose it cost me, at a conservative estimate, about a hundred."

"A reformer, wondering why the world was out of joint," mused his Lady, "might do worse than pray for the conversion of all Sophonisbas."

"True," said the Happy Eremite, softly. "True. Especially the Sophonisbas in his own heart."

THE FRIENDS OF OUR FRIENDS

One of the accepted disappointments that are the milestones of our adjustment to life is the lost hope of making our friends love each other. Honestly scrutinized, our wish to have two friends join hands in intimacy is not so clearly commendable that we are justified either in surprise or in sensitiveness when our efforts fail. One of two motives is usually discernible in urging two friends upon each other—either pride in exhibiting a possession or pride in exercising philanthropy. Some of us can never keep destiny's best gift, a friend, to ourselves; we believe that we have discovered a prize, we wish other people to applaud our discernment and to accept the treasure at our valuation.

Our other motive, the pride of philanthropy, is even more deceptive. We decide that Charles and James will be good for each other, and forthwith we presume to become the little tin god who shall introduce them. Complacently we occupy the pedestal of Providence. But who can prophesy that Charles and James will be good for each other? It is a matter for their Maker only.

It is necessary to have a clear comprehension of how friends are in the first place acquired before we can fully examine the methods and the motives for mixing them. For precision we may employ algebraic symbols: Let A represent the original person who has attracted to himself out of all the universe Old Friend B and Newer Friend C. A is not content to exchange heart hospitality with B and C separately; he must have them meet under the auspices of his introduction. Yet the infinite variety of reasons why B and C, D and E, and all the alphabet of friends down to Z, may be the friends of A are most unlikely to be the same reasons that should bind them to each other. A's introduction of each to each is coercion and no hearts' bond. Friendship is binding only as it is the fetter freely assumed by the free. It irks us if the chain is clamped by any third hand, however well loved.

How often have we all gone through the ordeal of our friend's introduction to his friend! How adroitly A elicits our best anecdote, exhibits some endearing prejudice, goads on our enfeebled conversation! A's unwarranted attempt to show off B and C is akin to the cruelty that sends our four-legged friends to a dog show. The blue ribbon is scant comfort to the unhappy kennel; it is merely a prize for the owner's pride. One is not willing to be one's friend's pet poodle. Nor yet is one ready to be any man's parcel to be handed to another man to be opened without one's leave. To one's chosen friend one is willing to deliver one's self, his own package; but let him invite some one else to untie the strings, and, being human, one has all a parcel's emotions.

The matter is still more deserving of protest when the delicate manipulation of A's introduction suggests hidden reformatory intentions. By his gingerly shoving each upon each we—B and C—perceive that he thinks we need each other's services, that he wishes us to organize a tiny society for mutual improvement. But in friendship we desire neither to better nor be bettered; we desire to enjoy ourselves.

As matter of theory, A's efforts to introduce his friends deserve never to succeed; but, as matter of fact, they do actually sometimes succeed completely, sometimes partly, as oftener they utterly fail. It is destructive to A's friendship with either to discover that B and C are more congenial with each other than either has ever been with him. It is as if on the day of introduction all three, A and B and C, were three atomic personalities sitting each on his point of a triangular acquaintance, but from the day of introduction B and C tended to approach nearer and nearer, until at last A perceives them completely fused and together withdrawing utterly from him out into space. Of all the original triangle there is left only A sitting on his desolate little dot. He deserved the dot, but it's lonesome, as all of us know, for we have all at some time sat upon it.

Perhaps half success in making friends love each other is even more permanently awkward than complete success. Perhaps B and C make some insincere attempts at affection, wholly for A's sake, only to abandon these efforts later and to come sneaking back separately to his hospitality, making but airy reference or none at all to each other's existence. Yet when B's name is dropped, or C's, it means thenceforth a closed door in conversation, and when the essence of comradeship is the glad possession of the areas of another soul then every locked gate is a loss.

But there is a still sadder issue possible for the effort to force one friend upon another. The feeling of B and C for each other may not be passive endurance, but enmity so intense as in the end to include even A. B may argue that your affection for so depraved a person as C reveals depravity in you, and C may equally distrust you for your culpable fondness for B. You yourself may find it impossible to forgive either for the failure to appreciate the other. The end of the matter may be that each little atom shall go stamping off in his own direction, all three with each step growing more hopelessly sundered. Yet you, Friend A, deserve the fate of any man who would put fetters on friendship. Only by freedom of choice among atoms to combine with whom they will can we feel our human dignity. To myself I am but a winking dust-mote, but to my friend a wandering star of his discovery. Let all friendship be free, for there is nothing so wind-tossed and weak as an atom that goes alone; there is nothing so lordly as two atoms, who, locking arms and prancing air, go forth to pass judgment on the universe together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

IT was not a chance thought which led to the choice of the historic Independence Hall in the City of Brotherly Love for the promulgation on October 26 of a Declaration of Independence by representatives of eighteen subject peoples of Central Europe. This dream of a federation of freedom-loving nationalities of one race, the Slav, grew out of contemplation of what America did in the same place nearly a century and a half ago.

The wife of Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovaks and of the Mid-European Union, just formed, is a Brooklyn woman. In the early days of their married life she helped Dr. Masaryk to become acquainted with the famous American Declaration. Since then the Declaration of the thirteen colonies has been one of the guiding influences of his life and ambitions.

Some ten thousand Bohemians and Slovaks recently thronged into Carnegie Hall, New York City, and blocked the streets around the great building in the hope of seeing and hearing him. A report came across the seas that a Czechoslovak army of less than one hundred thousand men had practically freed Siberia from the misrule of the Bolshevists in one of the most dramatic adventures recorded in history. What is the significance of these connected facts?

The various facts mentioned are connected with one man and incentives and means furnished by America. The man is Masaryk. Who is Masaryk? Very few Americans can answer this question. It may be briefly stated that for forty years he was a professor in the University of Prague, one of the oldest and best institutions of higher learning in Middle Europe. Through all this period he attracted to his classes Slavs from different parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Serbians, Croatians, Slovenes, and Slovaks, in addition to the Czechs of his own country of Bohemia. To them he interpreted ethics, philosophy, democracy, not only in theory, but in practice. A native of a country which has long sought self-government, a member of a race which is one of the most literate on the face of the earth, a deep and careful thinker, a student of current events, acquainted with American institutions through his wife and previous visits to this country, and, last but not least, a defender of righteous causes no matter how unpopular, at the expense of time, thought, and personal fortune, it is not strange that he has become the leader of his people. They follow him with a devotion born of experience of his wise leadership.

Among the things which he saw to be essential to the accomplishment of the desires of his people were a realization of the significance of the position of their country geographically, economically, and from the cultural point of view. Lying between Berlin and Vienna, it had a veto power upon the transportation system joining the capitals of the Central Empires and Germany with the Orient. Economically and culturally it was one of the chief countries of Mittel-Europa. It was the key to the arch of any scheme for the dismemberment of the Dual Monarchy. Masaryk saw that the destruction of the mediæval rule of the Hapsburg dynasty was a first essential to the establishment of a free government in Bohemia.

Bohemia should naturally be the leader in such a movement. Masaryk more than any one else was fitted to bring into being the all-important co-operation of the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary, largely Slavs, like the Czechs. Acquainted with the principles of the American Declaration of Independence, he sought to utilize them as a source of inspiration, and set about the co-ordination of the objectives of the oppressed peoples. Working together, there could be no doubt of the success of the effort toward the dismemberment of the Dual Monarchy. The leaders of the different racial groups realized that it was the old Hapsburg policy of sowing suspicion and cultivating antagonisms between the different races forming the Empire that enabled the dynasty to maintain its grip on the Government.

There was another unifying force, however, greater than that exhibited in the lower house of the Austrian Parliament. From all of the Slav countries of Austria-Hungary, and from Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, and Poland, millions of men had emigrated to America, gathered there new political ideas, and transmitted them back home through letters or carried them back themselves. They had also sent much money home. Here was a common ground of opinion upon which to work and a similarity of ideas upon which to build.

The Congress of the Oppressed Peoples of the Austro-Hungarian Empire held in Rome in April was the formal recognition of the fact that for the first time in the history of the Hapsburg patrimony the various nations gathered under the flags of the Dual Monarchy were co-operating for the destruction of the oppressing power and the firm establishment of free governments based on the desires of the peoples. This spirit of co-operation and the completeness of the programme offered at the Congress were a measure of the life-work of Masaryk.

In order to make the accomplishment of their aims more certain the sympathy and assistance of the United States were desired. The millions of Czechoslovaks in this country before the war had formed societies for the cultural development of their peoples. Eleven years ago the Slovak League was organized for the purpose of stimulating the development of the intellectual and moral qualities of the Slovak immigrants. There are now more than two hundred branches. Since the outbreak of the war the League has actively opposed the Teutonic attack upon Russia and Serbia, the two Slavic countries which then had independence. It urged all Slovaks to co-operate with the Entente Allies in every way possible. When America declared war upon Germany and upon the Dual Monarchy, their former home, all American citizens of Slovak birth were encouraged to enlist. Following the decision to form a Czechoslovak army in France, the League undertook the task of securing enlistments among those not eligible for the American Army.

The Czech societies have also done their part. They are at the back of the Bohemian National Council. Through the machinery which these provide, the Bohemians of this country by stated weekly contributions have financed the work of the Czechoslovak National Council, which has been recognized as the Provisional Government of free "Czechoslovakia." They furnished funds for the use of Masaryk in Bohemia and in the organization of the Czechoslovak troops in Russia. They have equipped and transported thousands of Czechoslovaks above the draft age from this country to France for service there under the command of Marshal Foch. A part of the last-mentioned work was the establishment of a temporary camp for the future soldiers of the Czechoslovak army on the farm of Gutzon Borglum, at Stamford, Connecticut. Representatives of the Bohemian National Council, before the United States entered the conflict, made clear to the American people the various forms of German propaganda carried on in this country.

So we see as potent factors in the great world struggle between the principles of autocratic and democratic government, among those ranged on the side of self-government, a man of ideals with notions of independence, a highly intelligent race willing to die for the right to govern itself, a cohesive body of immigrants from the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary to America, contributing ideas and money for the furtherance of the cause of democracy in Central Europe. In proportion to numbers, the contribution has been an immense one. It has demonstrated the tremendous potency of ideals, convictions, and intelligence in the face of brute forces.

The reading of the new Declaration while the newly fashioned Liberty Bell pealed above him was the crowning act of Dr. Masaryk's life. To him more than to any other man is due the breaking up of the Empire of the Hapsburgs.

[The Philadelphia Declaration announces the following general principles among others:

(1) That all governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed.

(2) That it is the inalienable right of their peoples to organize their own government on such principles and in such form as they believe will best promote their welfare, safety, and happiness.

(3) That there should be no secret diplomacy, and that all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proposed treaties and agreements between nations should be made public prior to their adoption and ratification.

(4) That there will be formed a League of Nations of the world in a common and binding agreement for practical co-operation to secure justice and therefore peace among nations.

These general principles had already been specifically applied in the formal Declaration issued by the National Czechoslovak Council on October 18, at Paris, and also at Washington. This Council sits at Paris. On September 3 the American and British Governments recognized it as the *de facto* Czechoslovak Government, a recognition since confirmed by France and Italy.

The Czechoslovak Government is constituted as follows: Dr. Masaryk, President; Dr. Edward Benes, Foreign Minister; and General Milan Stefanik, Minister of National Defense. These officials signed the Declaration. After stating that Czechoslovakia had been an independent state as far back as the seventh century, and that in 1526, as an independent state consisting of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, it joined with Austria and Hungary in a defensive union against the Turkish danger, and that in this confederation it had never voluntarily surrendered its rights as an independent state, it proceeds to demand the right of Bohemia to be reunited with her Slovak brethren of Slovakia, "once part of our national state, later torn from our national body and fifty years ago incorporated in the Hungarian State of the Magyars." The Declaration adds: "Our nation elected the Hapsburgs to the throne of Bohemia of its own free will, and by the same right deposes them." Furthermore:

> We, the nation of Comenius, cannot but accept the principles expressed in the American Declaration of Independence. For these principles our nation shed its blood in the memorable Hussite wars five hundred years ago; for these our nation is shedding its blood to-day beside her allies in Russia, Italy, and France.

Finally this Declaration proclaims, among other things, the following:

> The Czechoslovak nation shall be a Republic. . . . It shall guarantee complete freedom of conscience, religion, science, literature and art, speech, the press, and the right of assembly and petition. The Church shall be separate from the State. Our democracy shall rest on universal suffrage. Women shall be placed on an equal footing with men, politically, socially, and culturally. The rights of the minority shall be safeguarded by proportional representation. National minorities shall enjoy equal rights. The government shall be parliamentary in form and shall recognize the principles of initiative and referendum.

The Declaration of October 18 is not a constitution, but it foreshadows what the final Constitution of Czechoslovakia will be. One reason why it has been put out at this time is to meet the argument from the friends of the Dual Empire as it has existed for federalization. The Czechoslovaks do not believe that any proposal for autonomous federalization can mean anything if the Austro-Hungarian Empire is still to be ruled by a Hapsburg dynasty. The Czechoslovaks declare that "no people should be forced to live under a sovereignty they do not recognize." In especial, they confirm their conviction that their nation cannot freely develop under a Hapsburg mock federation which would be only a new form of the denationalizing oppression under which they have suffered for the last three hundred years.

Freedom is the first requisite for federalization, the Czechoslovaks assert. When this is attained, nations may easily federate should they find it necessary.

In our opinion, the two Czechoslovak Declarations of October 18 and October 26 constitute an inspiring appeal to all friends of freedom.—THE EDITORS.]

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S FIBER

THE other night, at a well-known New York City club, Raymond Fosdick declared, from his experience in France, that the *spirit* of the men at the front is a thing quite apart from their mere physical efficiency, and that to keep this spirit right they need rational environment.

They have not always had it—indeed, only within the past year, asserted Mr. Fosdick, had certain old-time officers been converted from their opinion that no women should be about the camps. The Hostess Houses, operated by the Y. W. C. A., have done the converting.

Life for the soldiers and sailors must be more rationalized, declared Mr. Fosdick. For instance, a soldier or a sailor very likely comes from a home where he always finds a book on the shelf. One of the rationalizing influences adopted by the American Library Association has been to provide a book for each soldier and sailor, and to establish libraries, not only in every camp and training station, but in every barracks and ship. The result is already evident, affirms Mr. Fosdick; the habit of reading is being developed, and how much this means is the more striking when we remember that in a few camps some men cannot read and write—in some detachments from Massachusetts there were even whole companies of foreign-born who could hardly understand the language of their officers. The programme of education in the army, said Mr. Fosdick, does not mean books only. It means theaters and moving pictures. It means dramatic coaches to show the men how to put on a minstrel performance of their own. It means athletic coaches and boxing coaches. "It is not known, as it should be," remarked Mr. Fosdick, "that boxing is intimately connected with bayonet fighting. We want every soldier to be a boxer. Indeed, the whole work of morale is to turn out aggressive fighting men. They may not all have the fighting temperament at first, but boxing gives it." Then there is the song coach. "The effect of song on the spirit of the men is electric," said Mr. Fosdick. "Men who can sing are men who can fight. Americans do not fall into song in the easy and spontaneous way the French and Germans do, but they are improving."

As to temptations, especially the so-called "social evil," Mr. Fosdick reminded his auditors that on the Mexican border in 1913 a third of our men in some regiments were diseased. Less than one per cent are now, he asserted. The environment of soldiers and sailors is being made just as wholesome as, if not more wholesome than, the environment they had in their own home towns. The work of the seven welfare agencies, supplementing the Government policing, has shown that it is perfectly possible to clean up any place in this country and keep it clean. The result of all is that the American has become a clean, strong fighter.

The quality of his character was shown the other day, said Mr. Fosdick, when a Y. M. C. A. secretary distributed little slips of paper on which he asked the hundreds of men before him each to write his idea of what the three cardinal sins were. When the papers came back, they contained two surprises. The answer as to the first sin was expected. Its expression was unanimous. The sin was cowardice. But the answers to the other two were not so confidently expected. The second sin was not given unanimously, but almost unanimously. It was selfishness. And the answer to the third was big-headedness—a new corporal or a new sergeant or a new any-kind-of-an-officer is apt to suffer from the "big-head" and put on airs. He had better not, warned Mr. Fosdick, for the critics are all about him, and his influence goes down proportionately to the kind of airs he puts on. As to selfishness, if there is one thing more than another this war has taught, he added, it is the lesson that the individual must be subordinated for the good of the whole.

Many, perhaps most, of our soldiers go abroad as individualists; they come back with another idea. It was recently shown in a ruined building near Montdidier, where some of our troops were billeted together with Mr. Fosdick. Hidden in a dark corner of the building was a French family of refugees—cold and starving; and there was a little dead unburied baby there, too. The billeted Americans were a rough lot, but the first thing they did was to provide enough bread and potatoes to keep that family going and to get a coffin for the baby. Ultimately, they provided for the family for the whole winter. And not only that. A day or two after their billeting they saw some women strug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gling to get in some scanty crops. The commanding officer called for volunteers to go and help. The whole company volunteered; the next day a whole regiment volunteered to get in other crops. The following day three regiments volunteered for the crops for the whole region. All the crops were gathered. Then the soldiers set themselves to chopping wood and supplying the people for the winter. Whenever "*les Américains*" are mentioned in that region tears of gratitude come quickly to every Frenchman's and Frenchwoman's eyes, Mr. Fosdick remarked, and for a moment nothing is said. The French feel that no language is eloquent enough to express their sentiments with regard to American soldiers.

Think of the privilege of backing up that kind of soldier as the seven welfare agencies are doing!

THE GREAT DIVIDE

Some of the girls of the Washington Irving High School, of New York City, under the direction of their civics teacher, recently worked out a contrast between American and German ideals. Their source material consisted of: (1) "Conquest and Kultur," published by the Committee on Public Information of the United States Government; (2) Leaflets of the Patriotism through Education Series of the National Security League, New York City; and (3) whatever collections of quotations and speeches they could find in their school and neighborhood libraries. A few of the most striking contrasts follow.—THE EDITORS.

GERMANY	THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT	
The unity of Germany is to be brought about, not by speeches nor by votes of majorities, but by blood and iron. —*Bismarck.*	This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and support. —*George Washington.*
We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone. Who opposes me I shall crush. He who listens to public opinion runs a danger of inflicting immense harm on the state. —*Kaiser Wilhelm II.*	It is for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. —*Abraham Lincoln.*
FOREIGN RELATIONS	
Above all, uphold the following maxim: To despoil your neighbors is to deprive them of the means of injuring you. —*Nietzsche (?).*	The same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrongs done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states. —*Woodrow Wilson.*
All treaties are concluded on the tacit understanding "until conditions change." —*Treitschke.*	Observe good faith and justice toward all nations, cultivate peace and harmony with all. —*George Washington.*
SMALL NATIONS	
Little states have lost their right to exist. For only that state can make a claim to independence which can make it good, sword in hand. —*Daniel Frymann, 1914.*	We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire. —*Elihu Root, 1908.*
MIGHT AND RIGHT	
God is always on the side of the strongest battalions. —*Prince Leopold of Dessau.*	Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. —*Abraham Lincoln.*
WAR	
Oh, if we could only have another war soon! —*General von der Goltz.*	War is hell. —*General Sherman.* Let us have peace. —*General Grant.*

GERMANY	THE UNITED STATES
PEACE	
Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars and the short peace better than the long. —*Nietzsche.*	We wish peace, but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. —*Theodore Roosevelt.*
FAME	
When you meet the foe, you will defeat him. No quarter will be given; no prisoners will be taken. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago under the leadership of Attila gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical traditions, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China that no Chinaman will ever dare to look askance at a German. May the blessing of God attend your flags! —*Kaiser Wilhelm II to his soldiers as they were leaving for China.*	By the blessing of God may our country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever. —*Daniel Webster.*
THE FOE	
Leave to the conquered but their eyes to weep with. —*Bismarck.*	With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations. —*Abraham Lincoln.*
CONQUESTS	
We are of the race of the Thunderer; We will possess the earth: That is the old right of the Germans— To win land with the hammer. —*German Poem.*	We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. —*Elihu Root.*
We need colonies, and more colonies than we have already, to give vent to our surplus energies without losing them and to make our motherland economically independent. —*The Colonial League, quoted in the "Deutsche Revue," 1912.*	We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. —*Woodrow Wilson.*
OUR BATTLE CRY	
World power or downfall, will be our rallying cry. —*Bernhardi.*	The world must be made safe for democracy. —*Woodrow Wilson.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IRON CROSS

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND

I

Oh, heavy on the King's head
The Iron Crown is pressed,
And heavy is the Iron Cross
Upon the King's breast.

II

More easy on the King's head
Would lie a Crown of Thorn,
And lighter far the heavy Cross
To Calvary was borne.

III

And ever as the King sought
To ease him of his crown,
Dead hands came reaching from the graves
And ever thrust it down.

IV

A thousand thousand ghostly hands
All red with battle stain,
Ghosts of a thousand thousand men
All by the King's pride slain.

V

To rid him of the Iron Cross
He strove, but strove in vain,—
A thousand little clenchèd hands
Would beat it back again.

VI

Ghosts of a thousand little boys
That sleep but cannot rest,
Of little maidens violate
And children at the breast.

VII

And he must see the ghastly throng
All pass in pallid train,
And each would crush that cruel crown
Into his burning brain.

VIII

Oh, heavy on the King's head
The Iron Crown is pressed,
And heavy, heavy is the Cross
Upon the King's breast.

IX

More easy on the King's head
Would lie the Crown of Thorn,
And lighter far the heavy Cross
To Calvary was borne.

A CLASSIC INSTANCE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

"LATIN and Greek are dead," said Hardman, lean, eager, absolute, a fanatic of modernity. "They have been a long while dying, and this war has finished them. We see now that they are useless in the modern world. Nobody is going to waste time in studying them. Education must be direct and scientific. Train men for efficiency and prepare them for defense. Otherwise they will have no chance of making a living or of keeping what they make. Your classics are musty and rusty and fusty. *Heraus mit*—"

He checked himself suddenly, with as near a blush as his sallow skin could show.

"Excuse me," he stammered; "bad habit, contracted when I was a student at Kiel—only place where they really understood metallurgy."

Professor John De Vries, round, rosy, white-haired, steeped in the mellow lore of ancient history, puffed his cigar and smiled that benignant smile with which he was accustomed joyfully to enter a duel of wits. Many such conflicts had enlivened that low-ceilinged book-room of his at Calvinton.

"You are excused, my dear Hardman," he said, "especially because you have just given us a valuable illustration of the truth that language and the study of language have a profound influence upon thought. The tongue which you inadvertently used belongs to the country that bred the theory of education which you advocate. The theory is as crude and imperfect as the German language itself. And that is saying a great deal."

Young Richard De Vries, the professor's favorite nephew and adopted son, whose chief interest was athletics, but who had a very pretty side taste for verbal bouts, was sitting with the older men before a cheerful fire of logs in the chilly spring of 1917. He tucked one leg comfortably underneath him and leaned forward in his chair, lighting a fresh cigarette. He foresaw a brisk encounter, and was delighted, as one who watches from the side-lines the opening of a lively game.

"Well played, sir," he ejaculated; "well played, indeed. Score one for you, Uncle."

"The approbation of the young is a joy to the aged," murmured the professor, sententiously, as if it were a quotation from Plutarch. "But let us hear what our friend Hardman has to say about the German language and the Germanic theory of education. It is his turn."

"I throw you in the German language," answered Hardman, rather tartly. "I don't profess to admire it or defend it. But nobody can deny its utility for the things that are taught in it. You can learn more science from half a dozen recent German books than from a whole library of Latin and Greek. Besides, you must admit that the Germans are great classical scholars too."

"Rather neat," commented Dick; "you touched him there, Mr. Hardman. Now, Uncle!"

"I do *not* admit," said the professor, firmly, "that the Germans are great classical scholars. They are great students, that is all. The difference is immense. Far be it from me to deny the value of the patient and laborious researches of the Germans in the grammar and syntax of the ancient languages and in archæology. They are painstaking to a painful degree. They gather facts as bees gather pollen, indefatigably. But when it comes to making honey they go dry. They cannot interpret, they can only instruct. They do not comprehend, they only classify. Name me one recent German book of classical interpretation to compare in sweetness and light with Jowett's 'Dialogues of Plato' or Butcher's 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius' or Croiset's 'Histoire de la Littérature Grecque.' You can't do it," he ended, with a note of triumph.

"Of course not," replied Hardman, sharply. "I never claimed to know anything about classical literature or scholarship. My point at the beginning—you have cleverly led the discussion away from it, like one of your old sophists—the point I made was that Greek and Latin are dead languages, and therefore practically worthless in the modern world. Let us go back to that and discuss it fairly and leave the Germans out."

"But that, my dear fellow, is precisely what you cannot do. It is partly because they have insisted on treating Latin and Greek as dead that the Germans have become what they are—spectacled barbarians, learned Huns, veneered Vandals. In older times it was not so bad. They had some perception of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everlasting current of life in the classics. When the Latin spirit touched them for a while, they acquired a sense of form, they produced some literature that was good—Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller. But it was a brief illumination, and the darkness that followed it was deeper than ever. Who are their foremost writers to-day? The Hauptmanns and the Sudermanns, gropers in obscurity, violent sentimentalists, 'bigots to laxness,' Dr. Johnson would have called them. Their world is a moral and artistic chaos agitated by spasms of hysteria. Their work is a mass of decay touched with gleams of phosphorescence. The Romans would have called it *immunditia*. What is your new American word for that kind of thing, Richard? I heard you use it the other day."

"Punk," responded Dick, promptly. "Sometimes, if it's very sickening, we call it pink punk."

"All right," interrupted Hardman, impatiently. "Say what you like about Hauptmann and Sudermann. They are no friends of mine. Be as ferocious with them as you please. But you surely do not mean to claim that the right kind of study and understanding of the classics could have had any practical influence on the German character, or any value in saving the German Empire from its horrible blunders."

"Precisely that is what I do mean."

"But how?"

"Through the mind, *animus*, the intelligent directing spirit which guides human conduct in all who have passed beyond the stage of mere barbarism."

"You exaggerate the part played by what you call the mind. Human conduct is mainly a matter of heredity and environment. Most of it is determined by instinct, impulse, and habit."

"Granted, for the sake of argument. But may there not be a mental as well as a physical inheritance, an environment of thought as well as of bodily circumstances?"

"Perhaps so. Yes, I suppose that is true to a certain extent."

"A poor phrase, my dear Hardman; but let it pass. Will you admit that there may be habits of thinking and feeling as well as habits of doing and making things?"

"Certainly."

"And do you recognize a difference between bad habits and good habits?"

"Of course."

"And you agree that this difference exists both in mental and in physical affairs? For example, you would call the foreman of a machine shop who directed his work in accordance with the natural laws of his material and of his steam or electric power a man of good habits, would you not?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And you would not deny him this name, but would rather emphasize it, if in addition he had the habit of paying regard to the moral and social laws which condition the welfare and efficiency of his workmen; for example, self-control, cheerfulness, honesty, fair play, honor, human kindness, and so on. If he taught these things, not only by word but by deed, you would call him an excellent foreman, would you not?"

"Without a question. That machine shop would be a great success, a model."

"But suppose your foreman had none of these good mental and moral habits. Suppose he was proud, overbearing, dishonest, unfair, and cruel. Do you not believe he would have a bad influence upon his men? Would not the shop, no matter what kind of work it turned out, become a nest of evil and a menace to its neighbors?"

"It surely would."

"What, then, would you do with the foreman?"

"I would try to teach him better. If that failed, I would discharge him."

"In what method and by what means would you endeavor to teach him?"

"By all the means that I could command. By precept and by example, by warning him of his faults and by showing him better ways, by wholesome books and good company."

"And if he refused to learn; if he remained obstinate; if he mocked you and called you a hypocrite; if he claimed that his way was the best, in fact the only way, divinely inspired, and therefore beyond all criticism, then you would throw him out?"

"Certainly, and quickly! I should regard him as morally insane, and try my best to put him where he could do no more harm. But tell me why this protracted imitation of Socrates? Where are you trying to lead me? Do you want me to say that the German Kaiser is a very bad foreman of his shop; that he has got it into a horrible mess and made it despised and hated by all the other shops; that he ought to be put out? If that is your point, I am with you in advance."

"Right you are!" cried Dick, joyously. "Can the Kaiser! We all agree to that. And here the bout ends, with honors for both sides, and a special prize for the Governor."

The professor smiled, recognizing in the name more affection than disrespect. He leaned forward in his chair, lighting a fresh cigar with gusto.

"Not yet," he said, "O too enthusiastic youth! Our friend here has not yet come to the point at which I was aiming. The application of my remarks to the Kaiser—whom I regard as a talented paranoiac—is altogether too personal and limited. I was thinking of something larger and more important. Do you give me leave to develop the idea?"

"Fire away, sir," said Dick.

Hardman nodded his assent. "I should like very much to hear in what possible way you connect the misconduct of Germany, which I admit, with your idea of the present value of classical study, which I question."

"In this way," said the professor, earnestly. "Germany has been living for fifty years with a closed mind. Oh, I grant you it was an active mind, scientific, laborious, immensely patient. But it was an ingrowing mind. Sure of its own superiority, it took no counsel with antiquity and scorned the advice of its neighbors. It was intent on producing something entirely new and all its own—a purely German *Kultur*, independent of the past, and irresponsible to any laws except those of Germany's interests and needs. Hence it fell into bad habits of thought and feeling, got into trouble, and brought infinite trouble upon the world."

"And do you claim," interrupted Hardman, "that this would have been prevented by reading the classics? Would that have been the only and efficient cure for Germany's disease? Rather a large claim, that!"

"Much too large," replied the professor. "I did not make it. In the first place, it may be that Germany's trouble had gone beyond any cure but the knife. In the second place, I regard the intelligent reading of the Bible and the vital apprehension of the real spirit of Christianity as the best of all cures for mental and moral ills. All that I claim for the classics—the greatest of the Greek and Roman writers—is that they have in them a certain remedial and sanitary quality. They contain noble thoughts in noble forms. They show the strength of self-restraint. They breathe the air of clearness and candor. They set forth ideals of character and conduct which are elevating. They also disclose the weakness and the ugliness of things mean and base. They have the broad and generous spirit of the true *literæ humaniores*. They reveal the springs of civilization and lead us—

> "'To the glory that was Greece,
> To the grandeur that was Rome.'

Now these are precisely the remedies 'indicated,' as the physicians say, for the cure, or at least the mitigation, of the specific bad habits which finally caused the madness of Germany."

"Please tell us, sir," asked Dick, gravely, "how you mean us to take that. Do you really think it would have done any good to those brutes who ravaged Belgium and outraged France to read Tacitus or Virgil or the Greek tragedies? They couldn't have done it, anyhow."

"Probably not," answered the professor, while Hardman sat staring intently into the fire, "probably not. But suppose the leaders and guides of Germany (her masters, in effect, who molded and *kultured* the people to serve their nefarious purpose of dominating the world by violence), suppose these masters had really known the meaning and felt the truth of the Greek tragedies, which unveil reckless arrogance—ὕβρις (*Hubris*)—as the fatal sin, hateful to the gods and doomed to an inevitable Nemesis. Might not this truth, filtering through the masters to the people, have led them to the abatement of the ruinous pride which drove Germany out to subjugate the other nations in 1914? The egregious General von der Goltz voiced the insane

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arrogance which made this war when he said, 'The nineteenth century saw a German Empire, the twentieth shall see a German world.'

"Or suppose the Teutonic teachers and pastors had read with understanding and taken to heart the passages of Cæsar in which he curtly describes the violent and thievish qualities of the ancient Germans—how they spread desolation around them to protect their borders, and encouraged their young men in brigandage in order to keep them in practice. Might not these plain lessons have been used as a warning to the people of modern Germany to discourage their predatory propensities and their habits of devastation and to hold them back from their relapse into the *Schrecklichkeit* of savage warfare? George Meredith says a good thing in 'Diana of the Crossways:' 'Before you can civilize a man, you must first de-barbarize him.' That is the trouble with the Germans, especially their leaders and masters. They have never gotten rid of their fundamental barbarism, the idolatry of might above right. They have only put on a varnish of civilization. It cracks and peels off in the heat.

"Take one more illustration. Suppose these German thought masters and war lords had really understood and assimilated the true greatness of the conception of the old Roman Empire as it is shown, let us say, by Virgil. You remember that splendid passage in the Sixth Book of the Æneid where the Romans are called to remember that it is their mission 'to crown Peace with Law, to spare the humbled, and to subdue and tame the proud.' Might not such a noble doctrine have detached the Germans a little from their blind devotion to the Hohenzollern-Hollweg conception of the modern pinchbeck German Empire—a predatory state, greedy to gain new territory but incapable of ruling it when gained, scornful of the rights of smaller peoples, oppressing them when subjugated, as she has oppressed Poland and Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine, a clumsy and exterminating tyrant in her own colonies, as she has shown herself in East and West Africa? I tell you that a vital perception of what the Roman Empire really meant in its palmy days might have been good medicine for Germany. It might have taught her to make herself fit for power before seeking to grasp it."

"Granted, granted," broke in Hardman, impatiently poking the fire. "You can't say anything about Germany too severe to suit me. Whatever she needed to keep her from committing the criminal blunder of this war, it is certain that she did not get it. The blunder was made and the price must be paid. But what I say now, as I said at the beginning, is that Latin and Greek are dead languages. For us, for the future, for the competitions of the modern industrial and social era, the classics are no good. For a few ornamental persons a knowledge of them may be a pleasing accomplishment. But they are luxuries, not necessaries. They belong to a bygone age. They have nothing to tell us about the things we most need to know—chemistry and physics, engineering and intensive agriculture, the discovery of new forms and applications of power, the organization of labor and the distribution of wealth, the development of mechanical skill and the increase of production—these are the things that we must study. I say they are the only things that will count for success in the new democracy."

"That is what *you* say," replied Professor De Vries, dryly. "But the wisest men of the world have said something very different. No democracy ever has survived, or ever will survive, without an aristocracy at the heart of it. Not an aristocracy of birth and privilege, but one of worth and intelligence; not a band of hereditary lords, but a company of well-chosen leaders. Their value will depend not so much upon their technical knowledge and skill as upon the breadth of their mind, the clearness of their thought, the loftiness of their motives, the balance of their judgment, and the strength of their devotion to duty. For the cultivation of these things I say—pardon the apparent contradiction of what *you* said—I say the study of the classics has been and still is of the greatest value."

"What did George Washington know about the classics?" Hardman interrupted, sharply. "He was one of your aristocrats of democracy, I suppose?"

"He was," answered the professor, blandly, "and he knew more about the classics than, I fear, you do, my dear Hardman. At all events, he understood what was meant when he was called 'the Cincinnatus of the West'—and he lived up to the ideal, otherwise we should have had no American Republic.

"But let us not drop to personalities. What I maintain is that Latin and Greek are not dead languages, because they still convey living thoughts. The real success of a democracy—the production of a finer manhood—depends less upon mechanics than upon morale. For that the teachings of the classics are excellent. They have a bracing and a steadying quality. They instill a sense of order and they inspire a sense of admiration, both of which are needed by the people—especially the plain people—of a sane democracy. The classics are fresher, younger, more vital and encouraging, than most modern books. They have lessons for us to-day—believe me—great words for the present crisis and the pressing duty of the hour."

"Give us an example," said Dick; "something classic to fit this war."

"I have one at hand," responded the professor, promptly. He went to the book-shelves and pulled out a small brown volume with a slip of paper in it. He opened the book at the marked place. "It is from the Eighth Satire of Juvenal, beginning at line 79. I will read the Latin first, and afterwards a little version which I made the other day."

The old man rolled the lines out in his sonorous voice, almost chanting:

"'Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer; ambiguæ si quando citabere testis
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
Falsus et admoto dictet periuria tauro,
Summum crede nefas, animam præferre pudori
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'"

"Please to translate, sir," said Dick, copying exactly the professor's class-room phrase and manner.

"To gratify my nephew," said the professor, nodding and winking at Hardman. "But, understand, this is not a real translation. It is only a paraphrase. Here it is:

"Be a good soldier, and a guardian just;
Likewise an upright judge. Let no one thrust
You in a dubious cause to testify,
Through fear of tyrant's vengeance, to a lie.
Count it a baseness if your soul prefer
Safety above what Honor asks of her:
And hold it manly life itself to give,
Rather than lose the things for which we live.

It is not half as good as the Latin. But it gives the meaning. How do you like it, Richard?"

"Fine!" answered the young man, quickly; "especially the last lines. They are great." He hesitated slightly, and then went on. "Perhaps I ought to tell you now, sir, that I have signed up and got my papers for the training school at Madison Barracks. I hope you will not be angry with me."

The old man put both hands on the lad's shoulders and looked at him with a suspicious moisture in his eyes. He swallowed hard a couple of times. You could see the big Adam's apple moving up and down in his wrinkled throat.

"Angry!" he cried. "Why, boy, I love you for it."

Hardman, who was a thoroughly good fellow at heart, held out his hand.

"Good for you, Dick! But I must be going now. I am putting up at the Ivy. Will you walk up with me? I'd like to have a word with you."

The two men walked in silence along the shady, moon-flecked streets of the tranquil old university town. Then the elder one spoke.

"You have done the right thing, I am sure. That officers' training school is a good place to get a practical education. When you are through, how would you like to have a post in the Ordnance Department at Washington? I have some influence there and believe I could get you in without difficulty."

"Thanks, a lot," answered the lad, modestly. "You're awfully kind. But, if you don't mind my saying so, I think I'd rather have service at the front—that is, if I can qualify for it."

There was another long silence before Hardman spoke again, with an apparent change of subject:

"I wish you would tell me what you really think of your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncle's views on the classics, you and the other fellows of your age in the university."

Dick hesitated a moment before he replied:

"Well, personally, you know, I believe what Uncle says is usually about right. He has the habit of it. But I allow when he gets on his hobby he rides rather hard. Most of the other fellows have given up the classics—they like the modern language course with sciences better—perhaps it's softer. They say not; but I know the classics are hard enough. I flunked out on my Greek exam junior year. So, you see, I'm not a very good judge. But, anyhow, wasn't the bit he read us from Juvenal simply fine? And didn't he read it well? I've felt that a hundred times, but never knew how to say it."

It was in the early fall of 1918, more than a year later, that Hardman came once more into the familiar library at Calvinton. He had read the casualty list of the last week of August and came to condole with his friend De Vries.

The old man sat in the twilight of the tranquil book-lined room, leaning back in his armchair, with an open letter on the table before him. He gave his hand cordially to Hardman and thanked him for his sympathetic words. He talked quietly and naturally about Dick, and confessed how much he should miss the boy—as it were, his only son.

"Yes," he said, quietly. "I am going to be lonely, but I am not forsaken. I shall be sad sometimes, but never sorry—always proud of my boy. Would you like to see this letter? It is the last that he wrote."

It was a young, simple letter, full of cheerful joking and personal details and words of affection which the shy lad would never have spoken face to face. At the end he wrote:

> Well, dear Governor, this is a rough life, and some parts are not easy to bear. But I want you to know that I was never happier in all my days. I know that we are fighting for a good cause, justice, and freedom, and a world made clean from this beastly German militarism. The things that the Germans have done to France and Belgium must be stopped, and they must never be done again. We want a decent world to live in, and we are going to have it, no matter what it costs. Of course I should like to live through it all, if I can do it with honor. But a man never can tell what is going to happen. And I certainly would rather give up my life than the things we are fighting for—the things you taught me to believe are according to the will of God. So good-night for the present, Uncle, and sleep well.
>
> Your loving nephew and son, DICK.

Hardman's hand shook a little as he laid the paper on the table.

"It is a beautiful letter," he said.

"Yes," nodded the old professor, putting his hand upon it; "it is a classic; very clear and simple and high-minded. The German Crown Prince says our American soldiers do not know what they are fighting for. But Richard knew. It was to defend 'the things for which we live' that he gladly gave his life."

OUT WITH THE FOG-HOUNDS

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

INSTEAD of reading the next paragraph you ought to see a few feet of moving-picture film—colored film. It is a sea picture in colors which you ought to have, and my words cannot give it.

The fluid gloom of a soft night has gone, leaving the sky aglow in brilliant lemon. This yellow vault is smudged where it is supported by sixteen pillars of oily black rising in pairs, smooth and straight, from the funnels of eight slim ships swinging in single line to the inward rush of silent, blue-black tide. There is a sleepy bustle aboard the eight, the cry of commands, the ring of metal, a suggestion of awakening energy. The leading ship drops her mooring and starts seaward, while the others follow on her trail like hunting dogs unleashed one after another. The leader is a little lady in silver gray, in form, to the layman's eye, a kind of light cruiser. To the knowing she is a "sloop." The next three ships are similar to her in build, but their color scheme is a jangle of diagonal stripes, light gray or white alternating with blue or red. Behind come four destroyers, not so high as the sloops except in the bow, but lean, hungry, powerful in every line. Three of them are of the familiar destroyer type, high from the knife bow to just abaft the bridge, where they are cut down to a long, low body, the shaft behind the head of the spear. The fourth is the new "flush-deck" type, a gradual downward sweep from bow to stern making her seem bigger, shorter, and slower than the others—more a light cruiser than a true destroyer. In reality she is as long as her arrow-shaped sisters, just as fast, and carries the same sting. The eight turn the buoy and bear down the narrows, leaving the green hills and gray cathedral spires of a sleeping town brightening in the rising sun. The little gray lady is stepping out ahead only by virtue of the fact that her captain happens to be the senior of the other seven. She, we will say, is the Hepatica [the reader will understand that all names of places and persons are fictitious], and in order come the Anemone, Dandelion, and Peony (all flying the white ensign of the British navy), and then the Lowell, Taintor, Baldwin, and Barr (carrying the Stars and Stripes and glistening in piebald war paint). I am aboard the Lowell, second in command of the octet, because her captain outranks all the other skippers but the British commander of the Hepatica. A good hunting dog, she trembles as she scents the open waste ahead and frets at the ten-knot jog which holds her to her place in line. A thin white ribbon behind the Barr is the single wake of the martialed pack. Landsmen forget the beautiful discipline of the sea. Our six officers are on our high teetering bridge watching the signals of the flag-boat or studying diagrams on the chart shelf which look like the plotted formations of a football team. Once clear of the U-boat snares at the harbor mouth, we swing into open formation. "Standard speed, fifteen knots," signals the Hepatica, and from eight bridges the word goes by speaking-tube to eight fire-rooms. Two of the four funnels of each destroyer are exuding at first a black smoke—which is bad form—and then a hardly perceptible grayish vapor. Our fire-room blower roars like Niagara. Our skipper goes below to study his "dope," our executive officer repairs to the chart-room below the bridge to work on his problems of navigation. The long roll of the Atlantic seizes us and the bridge-tower becomes a birch tree in a gale. I slip down to the steadier deck and begin a day-long fight against seasickness with the aid of mental science and a dill pickle.

The wind freshens, we roll more, but the pickle is a charm. Through gray scud on the horizon ahead come blue rifts like openings to promised isles. Off to starboard on a bare, rocky hill stands the mossy stone watch-tower of some forgotten Irish chief. Near is an inlet where Sir Francis Drake hid in his ship from the Spanish Armada until England's navy could be gathered to smash it.

Our skipper rolls out on deck, a thick, broad figure in a blue sweater with a big N on it. The men who played in the Army line about fifteen years ago still remember him as the Navy fullback—remember him with sorrow.

"Say," says he, with a good-natured grin, "I hope you're not going to write anything about the romance or glamour of this destroyer game. We had another writer chap on here who spilled a lot of ink over the romance of it. It's just hard work—blooming hard, plugging for every result you get."

So, no doubt, spoke Francis Drake, if ever approached by the scriveners of his time, and so, no doubt, Captain Kidd would have contended of his profession.

"We're going to get a big convoy—thirty-two of 'em," continues the skipper. "It's a slow convoy, too—good U-boat bait. I hope we'll have some luck. I've been hunting Fritz seven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A RETROSPECTUS

BEING A PROPHETIC REVIEW OF THE OUTLOOK FOR THE YEAR

AND A PROMISE FOR 1919

AN EDITOR TALKS WITH A LIFE SUBSCRIBER

THE Life Subscriber had come in to The Outlook office to make a call upon one of the editors. He was taken into the sanctum, as was fitting with so valuable a constituent. There he was asked to tell why he was a Life Subscriber to The Outlook and what he thought of his literary investment, particularly during the past year.

For an editor doesn't often have a chance to interview a Life Subscriber, or any subscriber, indeed. He selects for his readers the things that he thinks will help and interest them. To learn whether these things *do* interest them is something that he seldom learns except indirectly.

A Question and Its Answer

"I am a Life Subscriber," began the caller in answer to a question, "because I need The Outlook, in the first place, and secondly because it needs me. It's a reciprocal arrangement. I like The Outlook because I know where it stands editorially. It speaks out, without fear or favor, and yet in a temperate way. It stands for sensible progress. It is never colorless. It never 'pussyfoots' about any moral question. In a time of general unsettlement about ideals its editorials act on me like a tonic. This past year, particularly, it has been a bulwark of patriotism and a bugle-call for 'unconditional surrender.' And its editorial policy seems to inspire all its contributors. That is the prime reason why I am a Life Subscriber."

"Thank you," said the particular editor who had the pleasure of speaking for the paper. "Your indorsement of our editorial policy makes a modest man want to talk about something else. Would you mind telling me what article or articles in The Outlook during the past year interested you most?"

"That question," said the caller, "makes me feel like a hungry man who has attended a banquet and is asked what course he most enjoyed. My mind reverts first to what might be regarded as one of the lighter courses in the literary banquet that has been spread on the pages of The Outlook during the time you mention. Have you a bound volume of The Outlook for the year?"

The Life Subscriber, whose talk was rapidly developing into an "interview" in which he held the floor, as with the hero in most interviews, ran his fingers over the pages. He seemed remarkably familiar with the contents. "Here it is," he said. "Do you remember this boy's letter? Listen:

> "*Dear Sirs:*
> Those Arnold Adair stories are just swell. Please have some more. Please get the poor Swiss spy back to the camp. I would like to be an aviator.
> Truly yours, ROBERT LEES.

"Yes, as to the purely entertaining, not to say absorbing, matter offered by The Outlook in the past year, Robert Lees was right, I think, and the Arnold Adair stories went to the top. Do you remember Adair's meeting his old school chum up in the clouds? and, later, their running fight and the collapse of both their planes; then their reconciliation, with the subsequent arrest of both by the Prussian lieutenant, their escape to Switzerland, and Adair's final flight to America? Surely that *was* a 'thriller.'

As to the War

"The memory of those stories," the Life Subscriber continued, "naturally suggests the war, and that brings to mind the fact that The Outlook has published the most inspiring accounts concerning our soldiers both at home and abroad that have been printed anywhere. That may sound like a strong statement, but is it too strong? Do you recall what Secretary of War Baker said about the articles by Dr. J H. Odell called 'The New Spirit of the New Army'? It was something like this:

> "These chapters interested me greatly when they appeared in The Outlook, for I found in them a complete understanding of the work of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

"And as a result of that 'complete understanding' Dr. Odell said"—and the Life Subscriber turned to the bound volume of The Outlook and read from the issue of January 23:

> "As a result of visits to many camps, searching investigations in the near-by communities, conversations with scores of officers, hundreds of enlisted men, and various civilians, I believe that Uncle Sam is going to send back to their families and communities hundreds of thousands and possibly millions of men infinitely better qualified physically, mentally, and morally for the duties of citizenship in a democracy than they were when called to the colors.

"Could anything be more inspiring than that?

"And as to our men abroad, this from Dr. Odell's series of letters from France comes to my mind like a refreshing breeze amid the murk of these trying days:

> "The American personnel in France, from general to private, is very elemental, very childlike, and almost divinely pure-minded. Somehow, I do not know why, but it strikes me more forcibly every day that our men are an army of the children of God fighting for the kingdom of heaven on earth.

A Glimpse of the Far East

"If these articles of Dr. Odell's come first to my mind among the 'special correspondence' features of The Outlook, it is not to say that they are outdone in intrinsic interest by others," continued the speaker. "To get away for a moment from articles dealing specifically with the war, could anything be more interesting than Mr. Gregory Mason's pictures of the Far East in 'The Cruise of the Shidzuoka' here in the issue of August 21? Certainly Mr. Mason has a keen eye for amusing incident as well as a most graphic and flowing style. Note this little picture of a scene in the English colony at Hongkong, that he limns with easy art:

> "Two little girls with big, serious eyes approached us and the smaller said: 'I hurt my knees.' Both her knees were scarred, but when we suggested that she bind them, or one of them, with her handkerchief, she said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again and again: 'It's my *new* handkerchief, it's my *new* handkerchief!'

"There is a touch of real childhood! A man who can write a delightful travel article and also succeed in getting an interview that attracts international attention, as was the case with Mr. Mason's talk with Baron Goto, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the issue of June 12, is surely a special correspondent worth having.

Arthur McQuaid, American

"But when it comes to entertainment pure and simple, with most readers that means stories," the enthusiastic Life Subscriber went on. "Life stories some of The Outlook's readers like best—not merely the fictitious ones. One of these stories, founded on fact surely enough, that stays in my mind, is 'Arthur McQuaid,' by Herman Schneider. Both Arthur and Herman, be it noted, are true-blue Americans, and certainly McQuaid knows how to bring home a man's sins by praying *at* him as well as any character in fiction. For those who don't dislike a little old-fashioned religion mixed in with their stories 'Arthur McQuaid' was certainly most satisfying.

Dr. Abbott's Knoll Papers and Editorials

"Speaking of religion," the subscriber went on, "can anybody who appreciates the ripened wisdom of an essentially religious nature fail to enjoy the Knoll Papers by your Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Lyman Abbott? Essential religion these papers embody, but they have also a quality that reminds one of the wisdom literature of the Old Testament—a sort of godly discrimination that is far removed from the merely pietistic form of thought. Let me read you a sentence of this ripe wisdom from the Knoll Paper of January 23:

> "I am inclined to think that the greatest power that any one man may covet for himself is the power of growing. That power Edward Everett Hale possessed in a remarkable degree. The secret of his growth, indeed the secret of his powers, he has given to the world in his ever-memorable paraphrase of Paul's summary of the religion of faith, hope, and love: 'Look up and not down; forward and not back; out and not in; and lend a hand.'

"What Dr. Abbott says Dr. Hale possessed he also has in remarkable degree—the power of growth. If we subscribers did not know, from Dr. Abbott's occasional delightful disclosures in the Knoll Papers, that he is an octogenarian, no one would think of him, from his writing, as otherwise than a young man. Certainly his signed editorial articles on the war and our duties concerning it have all the fire and courage of the youngest and bravest man in our Army. May I read this from the issue of July 24"—and with rapid fingers the Life Subscriber turned to the page:

> "I hope for the Kaiser that he may be decisively, overwhelmingly, humiliatingly beaten. I fear for the Kaiser that by a bartered peace he may achieve some portion of his ambition. Then he will pass from the theatric shows of this world to the revealing lights and stern judgment of the world to come. There he will stand for judgment before Him who denounced as a generation of vipers, fit only to be cast out as the offal of the universe to be destroyed by the fires of Gehenna, those who had devoured widows' houses and for a pretense made long prayers. I have no power to conceive the sentence that will be pronounced on him who made widows that he might devour their houses and claimed God as an ally in his crimes."

How About the Woman's Interest in The Outlook?

"Now," interposed the editor, who in this interview had so far pretty well effaced himself behind the flow of the Life Subscriber's genial enthusiasm, "you have told me of some of the things that *you* liked about The Outlook in the past year. Has Mrs. Life Subscriber found anything that she likes?"

"Mrs. Life Subscriber," the caller went on, with a deferential tone in his voice, "in these days of course has a taste for politics and world events as well as for sociology and things domestic. She often remarks that she likes the summaries of the week's news in The Outlook's first pages, because she hasn't time, and isn't sure she knows how, to sift out things for herself in the daily papers. She says she reads the headlines in the dailies and is content to wait for The Outlook's résumé of significant events.

"Next to that, Mrs. Life Subscriber likes the department called 'Current Events Illustrated.' I remember her mentioning a few of the pictures that interested her. One was 'Children of the Chinese Minister'—here it is, in the issue of August 14; another was 'A Character Study of President Wilson,' June 5; another was 'The Piggery Plan in Cincinnati,' May 22; another, a charming full-page picture called 'Saving French Children,' published October 2. Then she heard of a mother who recognized her son as one of a group photographed in a Paris Soldiers' and Sailors' Club and printed on The Outlook cover—here it is—February 20; and she liked the portrait of Catherine Breshkovsky, which appeared, you remember, November 21, 1917. She said she likes to look at those pictures and to read the captions about them when she feels tired.

"And she says, too, that the columns at the end of the magazine called 'By the Way' are full of refreshment for brains racked by the daily grind. I remember one little story that she read to me with gusto and that I have treasured up to repeat back to her in moments of humility. It went this way:

A "By the Way" Story

> "A sheik was speaking to a crowd of men in a mosque and said, 'All of you who are afraid of your wives stand up.' All stood up except one man. Afterwards the sheik went to this man and said, 'Evidently you are not afraid of your wife.' The man responded: 'She gave me such a beating this morning that I was too lame to stand up.'

Women and the Advertisements

"Besides that column at the back of the paper, with its entertaining miscellany from various sources, Mrs. Life Subscriber tells me that she enjoys reading the advertisements there very much, especially the 'Wants.' There is so much human nature in them, she says!

"And she tells me that in winter she likes to read the announcements of the firms that tell you how much better their heating apparatus is than the system you have installed—and that they generally prove it. In summer she says she loves to ponder over the attractions of the resort advertisements. Do you know, one of the pleasantest summers we ever spent was at a place that was persistently advertised in The Outlook and that we finally wrote to?

A Woman's Choice

"When I once asked her, as you, Mr. Editor, have asked me, what article she would pick out as the most enjoyable of the year, she surprised me. She said it was 'The Family Goes A-Gypsying,' by Mary Roberts Rinehart. I was surprised, because she doesn't like picnics as a rule—but then reading about things that involve work and trouble is different from *doing* them. Her second choice was a sketch called 'The Fireplace,' by J. Annan, published July 17, which she called a 'domestic prose-poem.'

A Man's Choice

"A friend of mine whose head runs to statistics," went on the Life Subscriber, "tells me that the best things in The Outlook so far as he is concerned are the articles by Theodore H. Price on taxation, the currency, and the rail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roads. Mr. Price's articles on 'The Government as Railway Manager' in The Outlook of August 7 and September 4 he called the most fair-minded, illuminative, and sensible treatment of the subject he had seen. Curiously enough, this hard-headed business man told me that the most inspiring thing he had read for a long time was the group of articles you lately published called 'Making the Maimed Whole,' in which crippled men told how they had succeeded in making good. The very titles of these men's articles, 'Useful as Other Men Are,' by Lacy Simms, Superintendent of Schools in New Mexico, and 'The World a Very Cheerful Place,' by a young man who had lost both his hands but none of his usefulness, braced him up, he said, in these days of anguish for so many wounded soldiers.

Some Readers Read Poetry

"Another friend," continued the Life Subscriber, who explained that he had so many friends who enjoy The Outlook because he had persistently pushed forward a good thing among them, knowing that he would win their gratitude by doing so—"another friend finds the poetry in The Outlook much to his liking. He quoted one stanza of a poem that he had committed to memory—he found it on a back page:

"Who will give us a song for them—
The silent marching men?
Trumpet and bugle and fife in it,
The passion and pride of life in it,
And the old mad joy of strife in it,
A song for marching men!

"He said he didn't care much for the new-fashioned 'free verse,' but one thing of that sort had stuck in his memory because it paid a tribute to the humble workers in the Navy, who are apt to be overlooked in the war:

"Quietly they work upon the mighty deep.
Down in the bellies of many ships
They shovel coal,
The stokers,
Others high in cro'nests gaze afar
For periscopes against the waves,
For jutting rocks and buoys,
For lighthouses and mines,
For rafts and men afloat,
And for the great blue stretch
Of distant land.
Let us here praise them,
These men,
The men of our Navy,
Our Navy most glorious.

"And 'Wild Bird,' by H. T. Pulsifer, in The Outlook of February 6, he mentioned as a fine example of imaginative appeal in verse.

The Busy Reader

"This same friend, who has a taste for verse, tells me that there's a lot of poetry, in his estimation, in the short, pithy editorials you publish by the 'Happy Eremite.' He read one to me called 'Goldenrod,' in The Outlook of September 11, and I had to agree with him."

Current History for Young and Old

"Do your young people find interesting things in The Outlook?" the editor here interjected while the Life Subscriber took breath.

"My quotation from it of Robert Lees's opinion might answer that question," the Life Subscriber replied. "You might think that there is not much for the youngsters in a serious magazine like The Outlook. But I know a schoolmaster who says his pupils get a lot of enjoyment out of it. He finds in the Department 'A Weekly Outline of Current History,' by J. Madison Gathany, a source of continual interest to his pupils who are old enough to know something about public affairs—and even the young children seem to do that now. That reminds me of an anecdote I saw in one of the back pages of The Outlook that showed that even a boy of four is 'onto' things in these days. It went something like this:

"*Seven-year-old* (explaining theology to four-year-old). Yes, Geoffrey, God is everywhere—in everything, in us, in everybody.

Four-year-old. How do you know that, brother?

Seven. Well, mother says so. . . . It's a great puzzle. . . . Nobody understands it. . . .

Four (after reflection). Is God in the Germans?

Seven (doubtfully). Yes, God is in the Germans.

Four (earnestly). I'll bet you don't *know* that, brother!

"Those boys were perhaps somewhat advanced, but I know that boys a little older take an intelligent interest in the war as interpreted by a live schoolteacher with Mr. Gathany's help. And of course older students and thoughtful readers generally find such a review interesting and profitable.

"There are perhaps not so many notable books published in these war times as in other days," the Life Subscriber resumed, after running his thumb over the pages of The Outlook volume, "but there are a lot more reviewed in The Outlook than I can afford to buy. That's one other thing I like about my favorite weekly—its book reviews are short enough for a busy man to read. And by saying what is to be said tersely The Outlook has space to talk about ten times as many books as it otherwise could. So it offers a running comment on 'literature as she is made.' I like to get the thing in a nutshell. And I happen to know that these nutshell reviews often hit the mark. One of my friends makes books, and in a note to me about his latest literary offspring he said, in discussing its reception by the press:

> "Content means much more than space, and though The Outlook's review of my book was short, it meant a great deal to me. The papers have been kind to me, but nothing has appeared that says as much in a few words as its little review.

"Of course when there is a big book that demands a longer criticism, The Outlook gives the space to it. I recall some reviews of this sort by George Kennan, a writer whom one always respects for his plenitude of knowledge and his systematic way of expressing it. One particularly good review by him was on Professor Ross's book, 'Russia in Upheaval'—here it is in The Outlook for October 2. Another good review of this sort was on Osborn's 'The Origin and Evolution of Life,' by Theodore Roosevelt, whose wonderful range of interest is shown by his book reviews, which in some way you frequently secure for The Outlook.

Some Notable Features of a Notable Year

"You ask me, Mr. Editor, the titles of some other notable features that have appealed to a diligent reader of The Outlook within the past year. Some that come to mind at random are these"—and again the Life Subscriber ran through the pages of the bound volumes: "Here is a striking characterization of the German people as war-mad, by Professor Joseph Jastrow, entitled 'Mania Teutonica' (January 9); 'Hats,' a delightful sketch by Dorothy Canfield of a philosophical commercial traveler in war-swept Paris (August 28); 'Negro Soldiers,' by Lieutenant Charles C. Lynde, a pleasantly humorous account of the mobilizing of our brave Negro troops (March 13); 'No. 10 Downing Street,' a striking description of the British Premier, Lloyd George, and his methods of work, by Robert Donald, editor of the London 'Chronicle' (April 24); 'Soldiers of Law and Order,' by Katherine Mayo, a thrilling account of the work of the Pennsylvania State Police (March 20).

"'The Administration: An Appraisal,' was the best characterization of the Administration's personnel that has appeared, I think—it was by 'a person on the inside' and was published June 19. Other things that I liked were: 'Paul Chapman,' a study in criminology, by Berenice C. Skidelsky (August 14); 'Facts and Counsel for the American Girl,' by Winifred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buck, an unusually sensible discussion of young women's problems (May 1); 'Human Nature in Politics,' by F. M. Davenport, a study in New York City affairs that every so-called 'highbrow' should read and ponder (July 31); 'Music a Necessary Part of the Soldier's Equipment,' by Walter R. Spalding, a plea for the power of music in arousing the soldier's enthusiasm (June 5); 'The Ship that was Built in Twenty-seven Days,' by A. H. Beard, being the story of the Tuckahoe (July 24); 'President Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg,' by an eye-witness, J. B. Remensnyder, an unusual contribution to Lincolniana (February 13); 'Boy Culture and Agriculture,' by A. D. Chandler, inspiring stories of the saving work of a born helper of boys (January 2); 'Italy's Fight for Liberty,' by G. C. Speranza, The Outlook's special correspondent in Italy (September 12, 1917); 'Digging at the Root of the Food Problem,' an instructive debate on the farmer's difficulties by farmers and others (December 5, 1917); 'Stories of the Internés,' by Eliza R. Scidmore—sketches of 'hospitable Switzerland' and the contrast between French and German soldiers interned there (December 5, 1917); 'Some American Periodicals,' by Brander Matthews, a delightful rambling sketch of some of the men and journals that have helped to make literary America what it is——and so on and so on. I might go through these issues of The Outlook for the past year and pick out good things in every number. If you will promise, Mr. Editor, to do as well by us next year, you ought to win a good many additions to your corps of Life Subscribers."

A Working Editor's Promise

"Well," said the editor thus addressed, "you have convinced me that The Outlook has really been worth while during the past year. And all the editors are going to work to make it still more worth while in 1919."

"Sir," said the Life Subscriber, as he shook hands with the editor in leaving, "you have cut out a job for yourselves."

The Outlook and the War

But just as the Life Subscriber turned to leave, he stopped. "One thing more," he said; "I am sometimes asked what was the attitude of The Outlook at the beginning of the European war, and whether its views of unconditional surrender to-day harmonize with its views in 1914."

"I think," said the editor, "that your question can be answered in a very few words.

"In our issue of August 15, 1914, which went to press on August 8, 1914, and was therefore the first issue in which we could express any opinion on the general European war, we said:

> "History will hold the German Emperor responsible for the war in Europe. Austria would never have made her indefensible attack on Serbia if she had not been assured beforehand of the support of Germany. The German Emperor's consent to co-operate with England in mediation would have halted Austria's advance. His refusal was notice to all Europe that Germany was Austria's ally in her predetermined attack on Serbia.

"In our issue of May 19, 1915, which went to press on May 12, 1915, and was the first issue in which we could comment upon the sinking of the Lusitania, we said:

> "The sinking of the Lusitania was not an act of war, it was a crime—the crime of murder. . . . Does America owe any duty of protection to its citizens in foreign lands and on the high seas? Patient waiting has done nothing. Protesting words have done nothing. In the presence of wholesale assassination The Outlook is not neutral. We believe the time has come for National action. In such a crisis courage is a duty and timidity a crime.

"In our issue of October 30, 1918, in commenting upon the German overtures for peace, we said:

> "Unconditional surrender; the marching of Allied troops into Berlin as a visible sign of this surrender; the dictation of the terms of peace and reparation by an Allied Council sitting in Berlin;—these are the terms which the people of the United States, France, Belgium, Italy, Great Britain, and their associates demand before they will agree to a cessation of the war.... The Unconditional Surrender Club, described by a correspondent on another page, rests upon something deeper and firmer than mere sentiment. It is founded upon the principles of historic justice.

"These three quotations from the editorial utterances of The Outlook portray the course which it has pursued persistently and consistently during the entire four years of the war."

Afterwards the editor thought to himself that he *might* have told the Life Subscriber at least two or three things about the future. It is "true as true" that because The Outlook is first and foremost "a weekly newspaper," the best and most important part of the paper is that planned at the last moment, or, if not that, at least within two or three weeks of actual publication. It is true that analysis of the features which have especially attracted and pleased the Life Subscriber would show that two out of three were just such articles of current interest.

Yet every editor looks forward, and a few "things to come" would have interested the Life Subscriber because they are of the type and character of those he liked.

For instance, one knows from what he said of his appreciation of the special correspondence from Gregory Mason that he will find enjoyment in a group of articles from Mr. Mason sent from England relating to naval activities there—and some other things. The very titles are appetizing—"Inside the Bar" and "Out with the Fog-Hounds" have already appeared; other titles are "Weary Watchers" and "The Good Ship Sausage." He will like to know, also, that Mr. Mason is at this writing in Paris, and that from France will come a new series of articles direct from the scene of interest and with special relation to American activities.

Another feature of war interest will be a series of articles from Mr. Ernest H. Abbott, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, who is to visit England and France. He will have special and unusual opportunities for seeing war conditions and learning the feeling and opinions of people in those countries.

Again, those who have enjoyed Lieutenant Freeman's "Getting Together" articles will be pleased to know that a third, called "What the American Bluejacket Thinks of Britain and the British," is marked for publication at an early date.

In fiction, it may be predicted that the Théophile Stories will equal the success of the Arnold Adair stories. The author is Donal H. Haines, several of whose stories have already appeared in The Outlook. Théophile, *poilu*, is both hero and cook. He is shrewd, humorous, and resourceful. "The Trousers of Théophile," "The Super-Cook," "The Mutiny of Théophile," and the other Théophile stories are full of fun and patriotism. By the way, still another Arnold Adair story is to appear—and perhaps it is the best of all those stories.

Now the editor thinks that he may fittingly close this retrospectus-prospectus by quoting from a letter that lies on his desk from one who, when contrasted with the Life Subscriber, is a comparatively new reader of The Outlook, and who finds special help and inspiration in the forward-looking editorial policy and programme of this journal:

"Events have proved The Outlook a dependable leader in war times. It is more than that. It is a leader in peace times. It is a leader all the time. Its political philosophy is sound, its economic philosophy is sound, and so are its moral and its religious philosophy. These things are of primary concern to America's welfare, and these are the things which I sincerely believe The Outlook, to a greater and more balanced degree than any other American periodical, keeps before itself as a programme."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months now, and haven't seen a U-boat yet; but neither have I lost a ship out of any convoy. Fritz is getting pretty leery of butting into these convoys. He doesn't like our ash-cans a bit."

He leads the way aft and shows the depth charges, which indeed have a close resemblance to small covered ash-cans. They are arranged on tracks on the fan-tail stern. Each holds three hundred pounds of TNT (trinitrotoluol).

The captain leads the way forward again, pointing out the triple torpedo tubes on each side of the ship, drawn inboard now, but capable of being swung out and aimed in a few seconds. Farther along are the guns—a port gun, a starboard gun, and a gun forward of the bridge—painted, as is everything from stacks to whaleboat, in accordance with the general scheme of camouflage. We climb to the bridge, and there the captain shows me two handles attached to wires which lead down and aft. A pull on one of these handles and a depth charge would be released, to be exploded at any depth to which a submarine would dare to descend. The whole ship is managed from the bridge. Speaking-tubes connect with each gun and with the crow's-nest, from which the spotting officer would give the ranges; voice tubes lead also to the after bridge, to the torpedo tubes, the chart-room, and, of course, to the fire-room.

Above each of those handles on the bridge there is a small tin can which smokes and glows when thrown into the water at the spot where Fritz first is sighted, so that he can be bombed with pretty accurate regard.

It is noon now, and all but the watch go to lunch. The crew eat below in the little fo'c's'le, unless, as is usual, they prefer to sit down on deck with their heaped-up plates where there is less inducement to seasickness. Destroyer service is popular with both officers and seamen, for, while the work is hard, it is interesting, and red tape is discarded. But there is no more unhappy motion than the motion of a destroyer. The extreme length and extreme narrowness of the boat make her roll in the slightest sea, and it is a sickening, twisting roll combined with a pitch, as if the ship were trying to turn her own inwards out by muscular convulsions. In the little ward-room where officers eat we find chairs lashed to the table and all dishes in racks. Emulating the junior officer ("muffin hound" is the familiar navy term for his rank), I confine myself to a slice of delicious toast and another pickle, although the meal served by the Filipino mess-boys is daintily appetizing enough to revive a very weary stomach.

Every one is in sea togs now, which means, as I was fore-advised, "the oldest, heaviest clothes you own;" leather sea boots to knees, old riding-breeches or overalls, flannel shirts, sweaters, mackinaws, sheepskin coats. It is hard to distinguish officers from men when they are together on deck.

Our officers are a well-balanced lot. The captain and executive officer, who are "three-stripers"—that is, commanders—and the ordnance officer are Annapolis men; three watch officers are chaps who left good positions in civilian life "for the duration of the war;" and the chief engineer is a "mustang"—that is, an officer who has risen from the ranks of enlisted men. There is much good-natured chaffing between the Regulars and Reserves, but the former will tell you privately that the latter make excellent officers. The eldest of our trio of Reserve men has left a wife and children and a fine job with the Pennsylvania Railroad to hunt U-boats. The other two have not been out of college so long but that their fame in civilian life still rests largely on the laurels they won as undergraduates. One rowed three seasons in a Princeton shell. The other, the "muffin hound," ran the quarter-mile for Dartmouth, and ran it well—so well on one occasion that the great Ted Meredith, of Pennsylvania, was forced to make a new world's record to keep ahead of him. "Prince-*ton*" and "D*a*tm'th," as they call each other, both have to duck their heads several inches when they go to the little cabin which they share forward of the ward-room.

All the afternoon the eight ships keep their formation by fours, signaling occasionally with flags, semaphore, or blinking lamps. In the morning we are to pick up the convoy, and then the work begins, so all but the watch turn in early. There is nothing like a day's battle with seasickness to make you sleep. Though chairs break moorings and skid around the ward-room, though books fly out of one case when she pitches and out of another when she rolls, I sleep serenely, wedged in with many cushions on a lounge in the ward-room.

At five in the morning it is light, but there is no sign of the other seven ships from our slippery deck. At 5:30 you can just make out a destroyer off to starboard through the haze. We are in scouting line now, ranged out at intervals abreast as we hunt for the thirty-two cargo boats poking along somewhere in that drizzle. Because of the low visibility there is a bare two miles between each of us and the next on the line. In clear weather there might be as much as twelve miles, and thus the eight could cover a wide sea front as they range for their convoy. Now we are covering only eighteen miles, and cursing the Irish mist.

An hour later it responds to this treatment, and lifts to a dull-gray haze, permitting a visibility of some eight miles ahead. There come our argosies off our port bow, a school of little black tadpoles trailing great tails of smoke. We signal to our companions and hop to twenty knots as we bear down on the slow-poke freighters. To starboard jump out of the grayness the whole pretty seven of our mates, hopping it like ourselves, half under at every roll and bows smothered in bursting white. We converge on the herded freighters, ring them, and round them up, slowing the mass till two stragglers overtake it.

There is nearly every known species of deep-sea merchantman in that thirty-two. Stately converted passenger liners, slim fruit boats off the West Indies service, wheezy tramps, and tanks with their characteristic profile—the profile of a flying duck—the motive power away aft of the body's center. Yacht bows, clipper bows, battleship bows, and what not; ships with two masts, one mast, and none; also some very choice examples of the camouflage art, ships which seem to have just had an explosion in the paint locker.

Scornfully we whip them into formation—clumsy, lifeless creatures, no style to them, just plugging dullards, the charwomen of the sea. How dashing we look from their decks, what hopeless "boobs" they seem from ours! We set them to short zigzags, and, making twice their pace, we range up and down and back and forth around them, older brothers teaching the flappers to swim.

So we trudge along all day, trotters irked at being yoked with bullocks, guarding them solicitously. A bluff ex-passenger boat, resembling a floating piano box smeared with catsup and bluing, signals desperately that she has engine trouble and cannot stand the pace—the *pace!* So the Peony lingers to watch over her, and that leaves seven of us to guard thirty-one. Never fear, the "Old Man" back in the Little Town, who pulls the wires which move the scores of patrol craft in these waters, knows his job. He knows that we seven at about sundown shall be nearing a favorite stalking-ground of the U-boats. Thus at about 4:30 our crow's-nest lookout shouts:

"Airplane two points on the port bow, sir."

Here comes a big biplane, his under wings marked with the tricolor of the Allies in the particular arrangement which means "British." He circles us again and again, and, as the weather has cleared, he could now see a submarine wake eight or ten miles. An hour later the lookout sings:

"Sail, ho! Eight of them ahead, sir."

From the bridge a few feet below the crow's-nest it is several seconds before we can discern eight tiny smudges on the horizon, spaced widely apart. "Destroyers scouting," says our "muffin hound," who has the watch. The specks of their hulls come over the grade and rapidly slide nearer. Soon, with glasses, we can see that they are painted war gray instead of piebald. They are built like the three of us, high bows and arrow bodies, and their British letter-numbers are big on their withers. Well, now we have sixteen guardians to watch the lumbering thirty-two. Seeing that all is well, the airplane flies back to Ireland.

In the ward-room of the Lowell, as we are setting our teeth into the broiled lobster which is the *pièce de résistance* of this evening's dinner, a bell clangs harshly, rapidly, and insistently, as if never going to stop. "General quarters," yells the skipper at the first clang, and dives out through the companionway with a great lobster claw in his teeth, the rest of us tumbling after him. The ship shakes as if from a distant, muffled explosion. Her hatches are vomiting men in all stages of dress, some in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

underclothing and bare feet joining the watch already on deck in sea boots, oils, and life-belts. Somehow I get to the searchlight platform above the bridge, the highest vantage-point on the ship except the crow's-nest. The ship trembles from a second explosion.

One glance about reveals the cause of the alarm. We are on the right flank of the convoy. Dead astern about half a mile is the Peony and the painted box of a converted passenger boat which had dropped behind with engine trouble. The damaged engine had been repaired and the two ships were overhauling us when the Peony sighted an oil slick, and then something which she took to be a submerging periscope. Whistling the alarm which had rung the call to "general quarters" on every other ship, she jumped to the spot and dropped a depth charge, then went on and dropped another. A wide blister on the sea marks where the first can was dropped, and a smoking buoy near the center of it gives the same information. Nearer to us the water is just splitting and boiling from the force of the second charge.

The straggler who had the engine trouble spurts and overtakes the convoy, which veers off to port. The Hepatica, Baldwin, two of the new British arrivals, and ourselves draw off from the herd and go sniffing about for signs of Fritz. It is less than a minute since we sounded "general quarters," but from the searchlight platform a view of our decks shows every man at his station, every means of offense and defense ready for instant action. The torpedo tubes have been swiveled out, and a jacky sits atop each triple tube ready to train them this way or that. The three guns are fully manned, and behind each a tar stands cradling a reserve shell in his arms. A gunner's mate at the starboard gun is stripped to the waist, one shoulder tattooed with a sea serpent, the other decorated with a nude damsel reclining in the hollow of a crescent moon. ("Aw, I got yer, Bill," the ordnance officer overheard a pal say to him; "you've stripped so that war correspondent can see what a *real* sailor looks like goin' into action.")

The sea is calming, and the low sun shines on the almost white Hepatica behind us, curveting and bowing, a pretty maid in a minuet. There is no sign of a torpedo and no more oil slicks. No more ash-cans are dropped, and the Hepatica's commander is inclined to think the Peony's periscope was a bit of wreckage. Nevertheless there may have been a "sub," and every one praises the Peony for her vigilance and promptness.

As soon as we have rejoined the convoy we begin to see things. First a few boxes, then a life-buoy, then a raft, then something thin and dark sticking suspiciously out of the water. We jump for it, ready to ram, and find the tiny mast of a water-logged lifeboat. What tale of tragedy could it tell? Were the poor devils who launched it picked up or drowned? We make a note of its description, then sight two more like it; smashed shells these—broken by wave or submarine's merciless bow? we wonder.

"Somebody was bumped around here, all right," says the skipper, grimly.

Sights like these seamen will never forget.

In the first years to come after the war landsmen may incline to soften towards Germany, their memories may relax. But the sea with its stern traditions, its iron-cast code which breaks a merchant captain for losing his ship under circumstances often excusable and often after years of faithful service—the sea will never forget what the Germans have done, and the sea will never forgive.

We slip back to the convoy and the caracoling destroyers. Have you ever seen forty-eight ships packed together within a mile or two of sea and advancing by sharp zigzags? If you have, you must have marveled at the new navigation of the war. Close together they hang, between each one and the next not a tenth of the interval which would have been considered a dangerous proximity five years ago.

In the south is a long, low billow of fleecy cloud like the smoke of a distant prairie fire. In the east great clouds piled high in a yellow Olympus are stained by the thin, sacrificial smoke of the hunted ships praying for harbors. The drooping sun has set the whole western roof of the world ablaze beyond slate-blue curtains of cloud licked by rippling flames. The sun goes, and the fire beyond the blue curtains turns to ineffable yellow. Darkness swoops down, and the ships go on, still tacking about in unison, with never a running light.

When it is all over, we will have to relearn the old navigation.

In the morning nine of the cargo boats, the four British sloops, the Taintor, and ourselves are left to hold on for France, while the others veer off for a British port. Sighting the low green coast of France at next daybreak, the Hepatica signals for the two Yankees to turn home; the four Britishers will see the reduced convoy into harbor.

"Saturday morning, and a show at the Men's Club to-night," sings our "muffin hound." "Bo, watch our smoke."

He is on watch, and at a nod from the skipper he yells down the voice tube:

"Make standard speed twenty knots."

That means about twenty-one, for she is faster than her builders knew. Her run from San Francisco to Ireland by the Panama Canal is still a record. The Taintor, abreast of us to port, begins to fall back. We watch her, grinning.

"Aha, she's lit two more kettles," exults our skipper, proud of his ship, whose two boilers have forced her sister to use four.

The Taintor picks up slowly and begins to blow off steam.

"Feeling fit, are you?" jeers the skipper. "All right, come on." And he sends word for our third and fourth "kettles" to be lighted also, and sets standard speed at twenty-three knots (about twenty-six land miles) an hour. On their full power both destroyers could make more than thirty knots an hour, but an all-wise naval directorship has stopped the pleasant practice of racing into port.

We bowl along abreast, blowers roaring through the great deck ventilators, hoping against hope that we will yet sight a Hun. There is not much chance of that, though. A "sub" might attack a lone destroyer if presented with a good pot-shot, but would hardly attempt two of them, and not under such conditions, at any rate, the sea being so rough that the shallow-draught torpedo which it is necessary to use against a destroyer would "wash out" and lose all control and direction.

A heavy fog shuts down on us and stays all day. We never slacken our pace, but nose on through it, sea hounds scenting home. In spite of the fog, the breeze stiffens.

"Isn't she pretty?" asks the skipper, pointing to our sister close at hand. White shredded waves are streaming back along her sides and over her head like agitated hair. She dives forward eagerly and playfully to meet the blows of the sea—taps of a lover she knows will not hurt her.

"This is like a game," says the skipper, wistfully; "it spoils you for anything else. I wouldn't swap this ship now for the Pennsylvania. But I'll soon be too old for destroyers unless we organize big flotillas of them."

It is a game—to be skipper of a submarine-hunting destroyer, a darting arrow of a thousand tons of tempered steel driven at express speed by the strength of eighteen thousand horse—it is a game, the sportingest game on the sea.

At six o'clock we sight through the mist the high green banks at the harbor mouth which we left shining in the sun. Our executive officer has made his landfall squarely. True to a yard, he has steered the hundreds of miles through fog and rain.

"That's navigation," says the "muffin hound." That is.

Below in the ward-room they are tuning up hoarse throats on "The Red Cow in Mobile," sung only when within sight of home pastures.

"Permission to enter the harbor granted," signals the guard ship, and we churn up the narrow channel past the hellish devices set for Huns, our sister's high, sharp nose sniffing down at our heel. In past some little yawls, past a ship with a triangular hole in her side from a torpedo which went shallow, in past the light-draught side-wheel mine-sweepers which keep that entrance clean; around past the buoy with its perching gulls, and there is the little cathedral town, gray now in the soft mist.

All up the channel to our berth are other American destroyers leashed to buoys in pairs and trios—bold, fierce, hungry, spirited even in repose, their war hides bright against the dull-gray background; gay dogs, lean dogs, dogs of execution.

We and our sister tie up together, and the hounds are in from the hunt.

London, September 9.

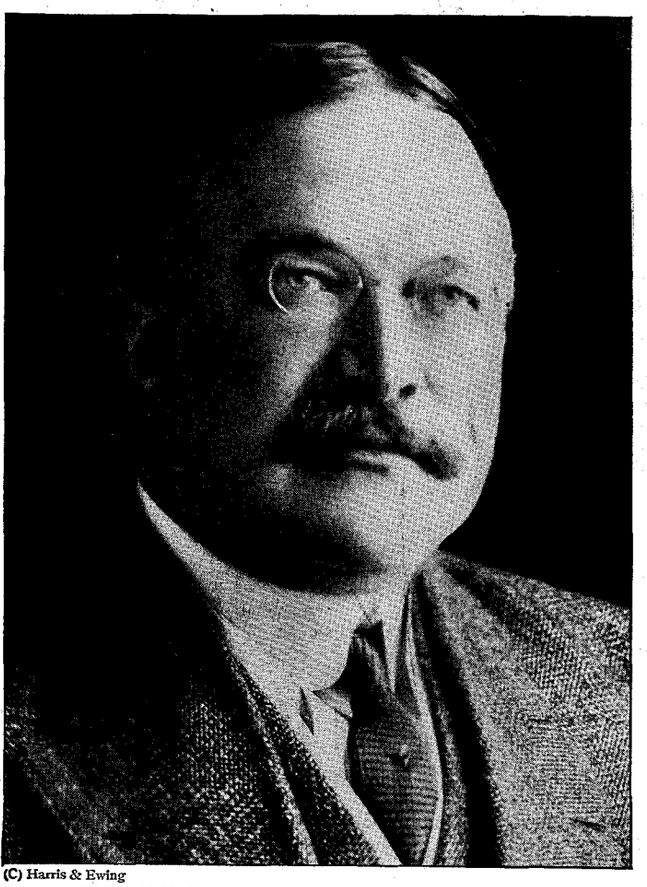
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) Paul Thompson

WALTER E. EDGE, OF NEW JERSEY (REPUBLICAN)

Governor Edge was elected to the U. S. Senate for the full term of six years



(C) Harris & Ewing

TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY, OF MICHIGAN (REPUBLICAN)

Mr. Newberry was elected to the U. S. Senate, defeating Henry Ford

ALFRED E. SMITH, OF NEW YORK (DEMOCRAT)

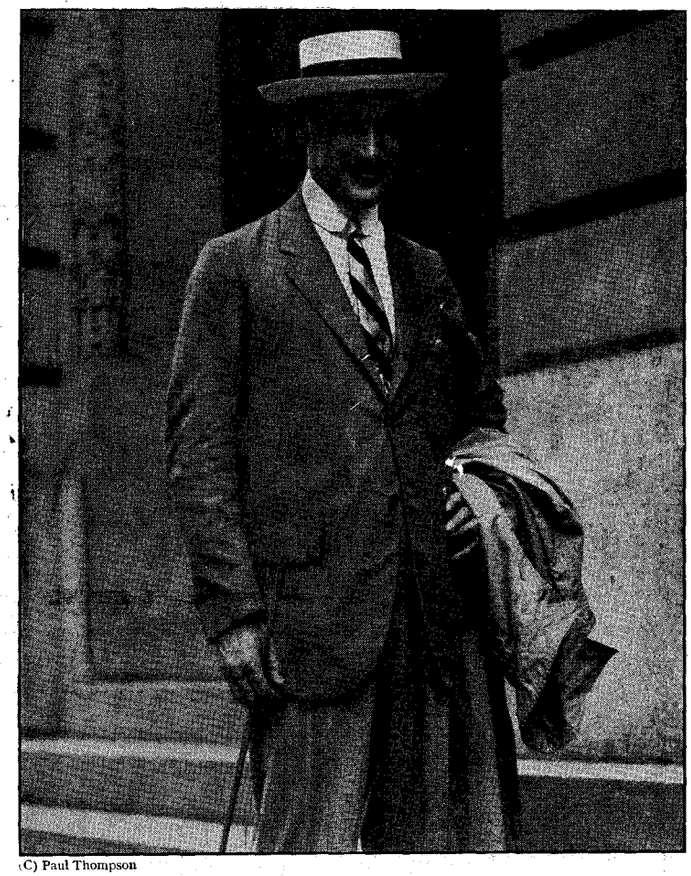
(C) Underwood & Underwood

CHARLES S. WHITMAN, OF NEW YORK (REPUBLICAN)

The contest between Mr. Smith and Governor Whitman is very close, and the result is in doubt as we write; it may possibly be decided by the soldier vote, which will not be fully counted till several days after this issue of The Outlook goes to press

SOME CANDIDATES IN "PIVOTAL STATES" IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Paul Thompson

COUNT KAROLYI, OF HUNGARY

In the break-up of the Austrian Empire Count Karolyi has become temporary head of the new Hungarian Government

(C) Underwood & Underwood

AN ENGLISH LORD MAYOR REVIEWS OUR TROOPS

The Lord Mayor of Buckingham is seen in the picture by the side of Colonel Kilborn, in command of American troops, as they pass in review

(C) International Film Service

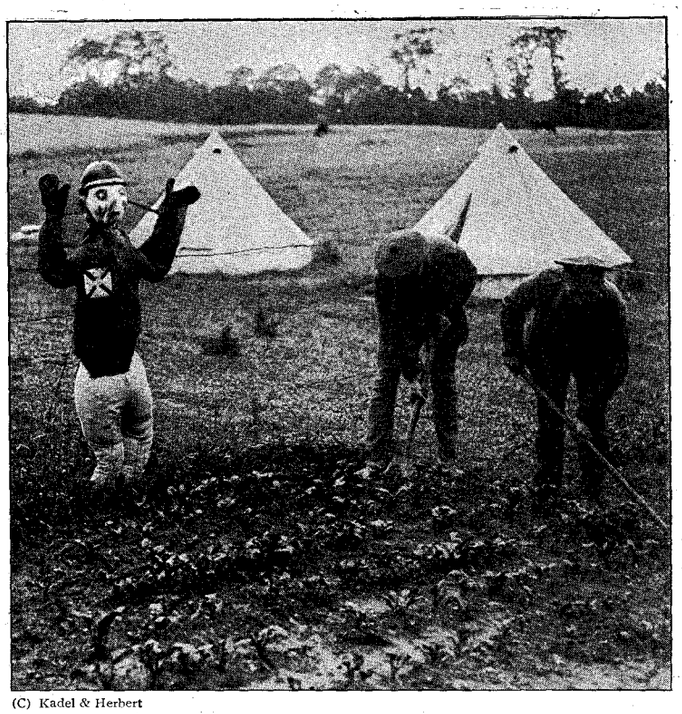
SAN FRANCISCO HOLDS AN OPEN AIR COURT AS A RESULT OF THE EPIDEMIC

To lessen the danger of spreading the influenza scourge, the police court officials in San Francisco moved their court-room to the park near the Hall of Justice. Note the monument to Robert Louis Stevenson—an evidence of the high regard in which the novelist is held in the city where he once lived before fame came to him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) Kadel & Herbert

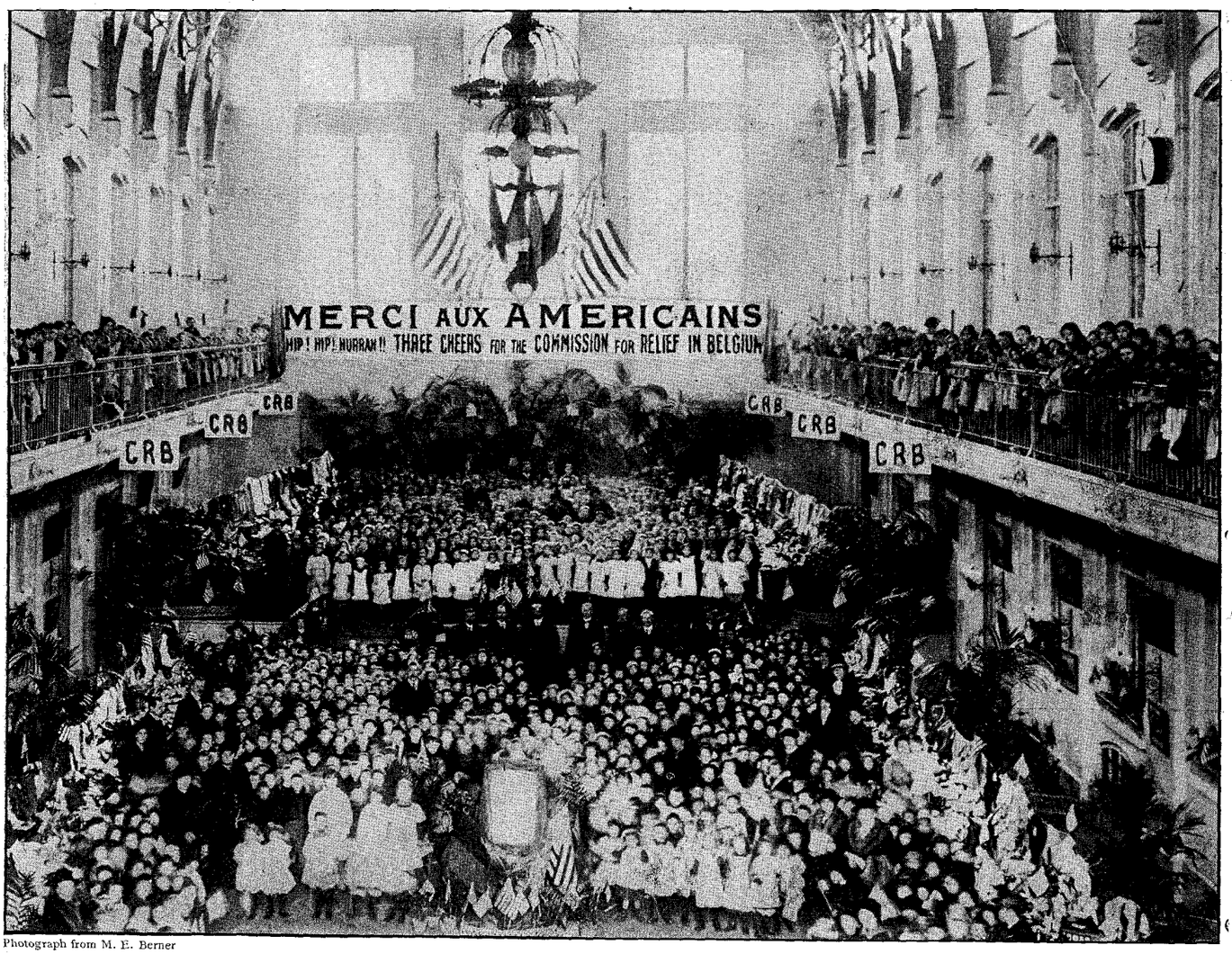
BRITISH SOLDIERS HELPING A FRENCH GIRL HARVESTER



(C) Kadel & Herbert

A DUMMY GERMAN FRIGHTENS AWAY THE BIRDS

IN FRANCE'S FIELDS REDEEMED FROM THE INVADERS



Photograph from M. E. Berner

AMERICAN GENEROSITY RECOGNIZED IN PLACARDS AND BY GRATEFUL RECIPIENTS AT SAINT GILLES, NEAR BRUSSELS

The photograph shows a group of children at a headquarters for the distribution of relief to the impoverished inhabitants of a Belgian town

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) Kadel & Herbert

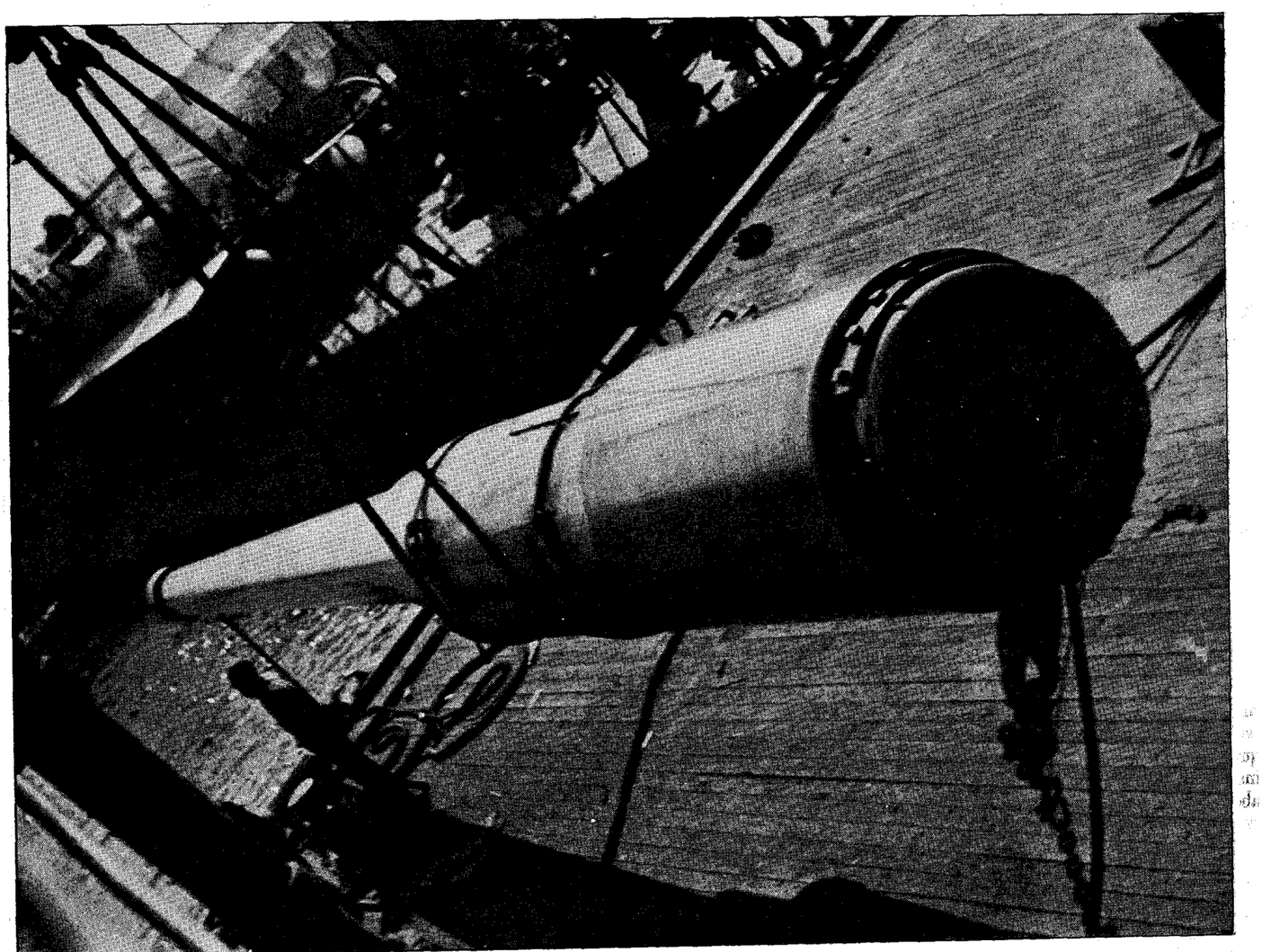
UNDER GUARD—A GROUP OF GERMAN PRISONERS

The taking by the Allies of vast numbers of prisoners, of whom a sample group captured in the present offensive are shown in the picture, has helped to break down the morale of the German people

Central News Photo Service

A WOMAN SHIPYARD WORKER

In the Newark (New Jersey) shipyard women are being employed not only in clerical positions but in construction work, as seen in the above photograph of a woman operating a rivet-cutting machine



(C) International Film Service

TRANSPORTING A GREAT NAVAL GUN TO THE FRONT FOR USE AGAINST THE GERMANS

The enterprise of American military leaders has resulted in the transfer of the huge guns on some of our naval vessels, by the use of specially built railway cars, to the western front, where they are being employed to pound the German defenses to pieces. Heretofore, it is said, guns of this caliber have been used only as siege guns or on ships

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A QUIET TOWN IN BELGIUM

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

FOR months my ears had been filled with the death-strokes of the guns; it was as if for the earth a new and horrible timepiece had been invented that tolled off with terrible thunder the death of thousands and hundreds of thousands. As a girl I had shrunk when told that with each little tick of the second-hand of a watch a soul goes out. But this was something so much more—death made thunderingly vocal. The constant presence of it was inescapable—over all the land the irregular but never-ceasing death roll of the guns.

As a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium I had for several months been in the southern part of the occupied territory, where the death clock sounds loudest. I had heard it as I passed from strangled towns, where at every door and window stood a gray invader, to others where the German officers and troops were for the first time pouring in in numbers, and where the brutal process of requisition and ejection was in progress. Maubeuge, Tournai—shall I ever be free from their memories?

After months of this, it was not strange that I should turn with relief toward the north. In Hasselt, a town of about seventeen thousand inhabitants, I should be as far as possible from the death noises and the misery pictures. For Hasselt, besides being far to the north and east, near the Holland border, lies in the midst of an agricultural district, which means that its people can supplement their stern war ration and in various ways mitigate their suffering. I therefore drew a long breath as I turned my car toward the north.

My road led past that place of dust and ashes where Louvain once spread her treasure for the world, and where, as by some miracle, in the midst of destruction the Hotel de Ville still stands, its wealth of elegant traceries and delicate harmonies undisturbed.

Across the square I succeeded in finding a sacristan, who let me into sadly damaged Saint Pierre for a few minutes. I passed from wrecked chapel to wrecked chapel, each with its separate charred spots and blackened streaks testifying to successive attempts to start the vandal fires. The ancient roof had yielded more readily, and the flames starting there had wrought the greatest ruin. The writing on the walls was bold and clear; it was difficult to control one's self, to force one's self to examine the details of this outrage.

I left Louvain by the "Station Road," now in truth only a road because only stone-heaps remain to show that beautiful homes once flanked it. I hurried out by this avenue of desolation, and on past Aerschot of sinister memories, toward the northeast.

It was almost evening when I reached Hasselt. As I passed the Tribunal Hall I saw a squad of gray-uniformed soldiers wiring off the large grass-covered square in front of it, and wondered if they were preparing for some sort of military tournament or practice maneuver.

But I forgot to ask at our offices. Once at a relief office door, one's only thought is to get at the records and reports and to hurry over to the thrilling maps on the walls, revealing the position and progress of the wheat-bearing barges.

The sky was low and gray over quiet little Hasselt as I started on my rounds about seven the following morning. And immediately I felt what a friendly, open-hearted city this must once have been. I approached the central square by way of the quaint apothecary shop at one corner of it, where I peeped inside at the dazzling jars with their strange labels. Outside, above the corner window, a mediæval Æsculapius, with a sword of perpetual power, still cut disease in two. There were temptations to linger, but I hastened to cross the square toward the street where I knew that Mademoiselle de C. and her helpers were already placing the bowls and pouring the milk for more than a hundred waifs who but for her would have no breakfast.

As I turned into this street, I saw crossing it, about three squares beyond me, a strange, silent procession. I hurried ahead, determined to follow at an inconspicuous distance. Clearly this was not a funeral cortège, though resembling that more than anything else, with its long line of marching people, fifty-seven on foot, and the black-covered wagons—I could only guess at the two or three dozen persons inside them. I counted four priests and eleven young women, and noticed especially one very distinguished-looking elderly gentleman. But I dared not follow too closely, nor with a too-apparent interest, for the line was led and flanked by bayoneted soldiers. No townspeople came near, nor could one see them peering from the windows. The farther I followed, the more deserted the street, the more terrible and unreal the whole spectacle became. The dumb, driven line with the black wagons spelled terror and death.

Presently I realized that we were approaching the wired-in plot in front of the Tribunal Hall; there I was forced to stop. This, then, was the explanation of the shutting off of the pretty grass park, this was the "tournament"! Helpless, with their human kind herded off beyond calling distance of them, the mute, tortured line was led slowly around the square, up the Tribunal steps, and in through the judgment door.

Then suddenly flashed before me that early decree, "Trials for espionage shall be held at Hasselt." And I sickened as I remembered what espionage had been made to cover. In other countries—in our country—it means one thing: the ferreting out of plans of the enemy, the securing of information, and the forwarding of this information by underground or hidden ways. We recognize that for the captured man or woman who does this, the spy, the penalty is death.

But these conquerors who deal so generously in death have wished to extend their favors, and have thrown under "espionage" acts that have absolutely nothing to do with the gathering or furnishing of information to the enemy. Some unfortunates have been caught looking at a forbidden newspaper or whistling a patriotic air; others have "insulted" a German or refused to work for him. If a boy's patriotism spurs him to attempting to cross the Meuse into Holland, in the hope of joining his army, or if his sister and mother know of his hope and seek in any way to further it, these are guilty of espionage.

I looked across just as a young girl was going through the door; next passed in a priest—had he comforted his people?

Too ill to stand there longer, and with a kind of unreasoned fear at my own heart, I turned away. At the edge of the restricted area I came upon a group of women huddled against the corner of a building, as if the wind had blown them there. With their black shawls drawn closely about them, they crouched, watching, waiting—waiting for the sunset, when the dread door would reopen and the gray guards would lead out the line they had driven in that morning, but not all of that line. In terror each wife and mother and sister would run her eye along it to see if her man, her girl, her dear one, had for this day escaped condemnation.

And to-morrow morning they would huddle together again at this corner for just these two precious glimpses of their loved ones—their going and their returning, if return they might—and always in fear lest this last human comfort should be snatched from them and they should be driven from their corner. Morning after terrible morning the ever-diminishing procession—for each day some did not return—would march from the prison to the court-room, and in the evening back to the prison, until its unfortunates had ended their marching in German prisons, or against walls, or, for the lucky few, in at least temporary freedom. No sooner would this tragic procession end than another would begin marching. For from all over Belgium men, women, priests, girls, boys, are driven to this chosen center of German justice for trial, without jury and often without counsel, and in a foreign tongue. No, Hasselt was hardly the heaven I had imagined. There were only eighty-seven in quiet Hasselt's line, but this was more horrible than the death-tolling along the whole long battle-line of the south.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AND SOME OF HIS FRENCH FRIENDS

On the back of this postal card photograph the author of the following article writes: "The adoring mother of the youngster on my knee up and snap-shotted the whole bunch!"

A FRENCH VILLAGE AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

NEXT in interest to the war, and its possible future social effects and educational effects, come the interests of these fascinating French. I wonder what the results of their contact with such a vast number of our boys will be. Some of these contacts are beautiful to behold. For instance:

It is a typical little French village on a Saturday noon. The usual low, thick-walled church dominates the place. Around it cluster the flat, white-walled houses, with their roofs of weather-beaten reds and grays. The trees and vines and grass are all very green. All is still as can be.

From the distance there begins to come a regular creaking, and after a while a long cart, balanced on two prodigiously large wheels and drawn by a dappled white horse, comes into view. Comfortably it rolls into the little square by the church and takes up a position on one side, whereupon out come two sturdy, thick-set peasant women and a lively lad of twelve—the latter with a black band on his arm. The boy wears his shirt-tail out—quite different from our American boys, who, of course, tuck theirs in. This, I believe, is the one difference between the youths of these two nations! Otherwise boys are boys—and then some!

Well, from the cart all three drag boxes and baskets, and soon, attractively arrayed, we behold lettuce, large red tomatoes, carrots, radishes, cheese, and some plump rabbits and chickens all ready for the fire. It makes one's mouth water to think of such things!

Meanwhile another cart has arrived—a much smaller one, pulled and pushed by a number of women and children. This soon displays a brave collection of gaudy fancy-work—bright, crude embroidery, planned to catch the eye of the unsophisticated American boy. There are greens and yellows and reds and pinks! Pillow-covers, table-cloths, and undefinable feminine affairs—just the thing to send to that girl far away in Oklahoma! Other carts keep on coming, and soon the square is dotted with them and ready for business. And then, far down the road, arm in arm, come two of those favored beings for whom all this display is prepared—a couple of tall, rangy lads in olive drab—American soldiers, incredibly well paid, and oh, la! la! such easy spenders!

After the two come others, then more and more, for Saturday afternoon is a typical American Saturday affair, and the war and its works are pushed right back into the far distance. Then the square and its adjacent side-streets swarm with noisy, cheerful, laughing soldiers. Oh, I tell you they are a careless-seeming, hearty lot of fellows, and it looks not unlike a picnic of older high school boys—only they are boys who know how to be keen and cold and tremendously brave when the time comes!

For a fact, they buy those stands bare. Everything. Nothing too useless, too gaudy, or too expensive, it seems. The lucky vender who brought sweet chocolate saw it go in about five minutes to the last cake. So with the grapes and plums, not to speak of the oranges, lemons, and egg-plants. And all the while continued the noise and fun. Here a group carried on a wordless but animated flirtation with a pretty girl who sold fancy-work. Here an enormously heavy and fat soldier played tag with a dozen children, whose high shrieks of delight each time he escaped them or each time he caught a youngster added to the common din. In a corner, on a box, sat another with the gift of tongues, and, with a really horrible massacring of tenses and conjugations, told some round-eyed little citizens how the Americans were going to make a silk purse of the Kaiser's ears!

Finally twilight drew on. Many of the boys scattered far and wide to farms and diminutive inns, and ate unheard-of quantities of eggs and other simple farm products. Some strolled slowly back to camp. Then at last, one by one, the empty carts took themselves away, their owners delighted with the small but seemingly very large gains given them by their guests; and through this simple means comfort and help—how much the folks at home do not realize—is brought to fine little districts that otherwise might be stricken with real poverty. It is no wonder that the Americans and their hosts get on famously, and the esteem is quite mutual. I wonder if each will not gain something worth while from the other—something inconspicuous, perhaps, that will in its small way act as even a small compensation for all the sacrifice and terror of the war.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

IS THERE AN ABUNDANCE OF FOOD?

BY LEWIS E. THEISS

On the morning after it was known that Germany had agreed to President Wilson's fourteen principles a customer in a restaurant was overheard to remark to a waitress: "Well, the war is over. Now we can have plenty of sugar."

Like a lightning flash that single sentence shows forth an attitude of mind as common as it is dangerous. Despite innumerable explanations and warnings, a large part of the public, ever since we entered the war, has believed, and continues to believe, that the food shortage is artificial.

The fact that the pressing need of a year ago no longer seems to exist simply serves to confirm such persons in their beliefs.

In fact, instead of an abundance, we have no more food than we had last year. In 1917 our enormous corn and potato crops enabled us to pull through. This year we have a large wheat crop—some 900,000,000 bushels. But our potato crop is short, and our corn crop is woefully below last year's.

The partial failure of our corn crop illustrates perfectly how dependent we are upon one uncontrollable element—the weather—in our fight against hunger. It was not the U-boats that brought Europe so near to starvation last year. It was the disastrous crop season of 1916. Crops failed everywhere. The year was the most disastrous in agricultural history. In consequence of crop failures, food reserves of all sorts were consumed. The U-boats made it impossible to replace the food so consumed. The only way by which enough food could be got by the Entente nations was by bringing it from the nearest ports. And that threw the burden almost wholly upon North America. Hence our own food stores, smaller than usual, were practically wiped out.

And, despite food economy and increased effort toward production, we still face it. For we have no reserve—neither have our allies. We are leading a hand-to-mouth existence. If we can keep production up to the present level, we shall pull through—with economy. But can we? We have to reckon on two uncertainties: the weather and the labor supply.

We have seen what the weather did in 1916 and what it did to our 1918 corn crop. Specifically, prospective production of 1918 corn was reduced by the dry weather of August by 307,000,000 bushels; and the unfavorable weather of July and August together decreased the prospective crop by nearly half a billion bushels! Another season like 1916, unfavorable for crops generally, would put the Entente world back where it was.

The other uncertain factor—the farm labor situation—has one certain aspect: it becomes progressively worse. Hundreds of farmers are giving up their farms because they cannot get the help necessary to run them. A 1918 farm survey in Pennsylvania, for instance, shows that there are to-day only half as many farm-hands in that State as there were ten years ago. Even then the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farmers were short-handed. To-day they are desperate. They have lost thousands of acres of crops because they could not get the help to harvest them. And every day sees more farm-hands drawn away by the lure of munition-plant wages or drafted into the Army. At present our armed forces number perhaps three to four millions. What will be the farm labor situation if our Army numbers five million men?

And unskilled labor will not replace the farm-hands that leave the soil—even if it were obtainable, which it is not. Farming is a highly skilled occupation. The experience of Europe is significant. Practically every able-bodied farmer of the embattled nations is in the trenches. The farms, handled by old men, women, and children, grow yearly poorer, and yield less and less. And, since Europe never was self-sustaining, and now produces less food than in normal times, the burden that falls upon America because of U-boat warfare is a burden of abnormal size.

Ultimate victory depends upon an adequate food supply; and there is just one thing that will insure an adequate food supply. That is the creation of a food reserve. Obviously, if such a reserve is created, America must do it. But how can we? Normally we ship to Europe 5,533,000 tons of food a year. Last year we shipped 11,820,000 tons. And every one will recall how we scraped and saved and cut down consumption by wheatless and meatless days in order to get together that quantity of food for export. This year, what with the partial failure of corn and other crops, we have no more actual food in the land than we had in 1917; and yet we are pledged to send to our allies 17,550,000 tons of food!

Far from having plenty of food, therefore, we are really harder pinched than we were last year. The Food Administration recognizes that fact and has acted accordingly. Instead of trying to decrease the consumption of certain foods only, it is trying to decrease consumption of practically all foods.

And next year, with our growing Army abroad, our food shipments will doubtless need to be larger than they were this year. The Army ration is slightly in excess of four pounds of food a day a man. A million soldiers require four million pounds of food daily. Already we have nearly two million soldiers abroad. By the time this is printed we may have in excess of that number.

There is still another phase of the food situation to which we have given almost no attention. That is the feeding of hungry neutrals after the war. All of Europe is hungry. In fact, some of the neutrals are hungrier than the nations at war. We can spare them little food, and Germany's sea pirates sink a large part of what we do send them. But after the war, when the seas are cleared of pirates, neutral vessels will swarm in our ports after food. There are 100,000,000 of our own people and 120,000,000 of our allies that we are helping to feed now. There are 180,000,000 starving victims of Germany who will come to us for food when the seas are clear. And Germany and Austria, being no longer enemies, will also want food. They have perhaps another 100,000,000 people. How can we feed them all? We can't. So food must continue short for some years to come, whether we have peace or war. And when all these hordes come into our markets and bid against each other, the logical thing to expect is prices enormously higher than those at present prevailing.

A food reserve, then, is from every point of view a vital necessity in America. But our farmers cannot create a food reserve. It is doubtful if they can continue present production, let alone increase it. The creation of a food reserve, then, hinges upon the efforts of home gardeners. Only through increased garden production and the consequently lessened demand upon our commercial supplies shall we be able to store up food. In considering the situation, let us paraphrase Lloyd George's remark about ships. We must have "Gardens, gardens, and still more gardens."

JUST BEFORE THE BIG PUSH

BY A SOLDIER OF THE "SEVENTH"

The New York "Times," in a leading editorial, recently spoke with enthusiastic praise of the splendid work done by the Empire State Division (the 27th), together with the 30th Division, in Sir Douglas Haig's drive at and through the Hindenburg line which began on September 29. This drive was one of the two most critical points in General Foch's victorious campaign this year. Of the 27th Division the "Times" said:

> The Empire State Division was on the waiting list for the call to France for a long, weary time before it came. Other National Guard divisions, with not half the training in trench warfare, were preferred and sailed away. It seemed as if the 27th would never be summoned, and yet it contained some of the best National Guard regiments in the country, including the famous Seventh of this city. This division was drilled and marched and maneuvered until there was danger of its going physically stale.
>
> Glory has been won by the Empire State Division in France. . . . Field Marshal Haig speaks of "the utmost dash and bravery of the Americans co-operating with the British."

The following extracts are from private letters (fully censored) written by a member of the old New York Seventh Regiment (now 107th), who has served with the regiment in Mexico as well as in France.—THE EDITORS.

September 30, 1918.

This finds me in a hospital and trying to get out of it because there's nothing the matter with me, and because there's history being made in the line where I came back from, and I want to get into the show again.

The night before the morning we were to go over the top I was in the front line when one of Jerry's "five-nines" fell short and hopped into the bottom of our trench. He seldom dares shell our front line, as it is usually too close to his own for his own men's safety. This confounded shell lit on a box of hand grenades and set them off too. I can't dope out how I missed all the shell fragments—just luck. But it was not over twenty feet from me, and I must have "gone down." They sent me out with the ration party at eleven or so, and then ran me into a field dressing station. And so here I am, after passing rapidly through the chain of field stations you must pass, about forty miles behind the lines, and all sound.

Six hours after I left, the fellows went over the top, following a creeping barrage that was more intense than any I've heard ever—and from one I met that came back wounded it appears they advanced three miles and tore through the Hindenburg line like paper. Fritz has no fight left in him. [But in a later letter this soldier writes: The man who told me how easy it was to take the Hindenburg line was out of his head. They took it, but at an awful loss—the only good thing being that Jerry's was far higher. They lie shoulder to shoulder where our barrage caught them. My dear "skipper" [captain] was killed by a gang of thirty who surrendered and then shot him. The boys shot them down to a man. Another bunch of the brutes surrendered, then threw hand grenades concealed under their coats.]

I saw a file of eighteen hundred prisoners yesterday coming down by a hospital guarded by *two* men. They were all *happy* and beaming. One chap here with me captured thirty-three. He had ducked into a trench, owing to unusually heavy shell fire, and was *not armed*. In this trench he found thirty-three Jerrys, and he says he was scared. But the whole thirty-three uphanded and cried, "Mercy, Kamerad!"

We took over a supposedly vacant trench immediately after relieving the previous outfit, and on reaching it discovered every evidence that when we started sauntering over in the dark about a hundred Jerrys oozed out without firing a shot. There were five heavy water-cooled machine guns, still hot, no end of rifles, and equipment galore. In fact, we spent all the next day "souveniring" their dugouts, hastily left. I ate "Rindfleisch" that day (Fritz's "canned willy") and pumpernickel bread, enough to keep me going, and I had a whole packful of souvenirs which they did not send out with me, so I've lost it. I had a German revolver, field glasses, and the cap of the Prussian Guard lieu enant I took them from. (He was *rather* dead!) Also a lot of photographs from home (*i. e.*, Fritz's). And I'm one sore baby because I've lost it all.

Jerry had no idea there were any Yanks near him, he told us. But he knows now, all right! And now our dressing stations have as many *Feldgraus* [field-grays—the German uniform] awaiting their turn as there are Olive Drabs. They are as meek as lambs, and happy. For them "*Das Krieg ist geendigt*," and I think 'twill soon be ended for all. We got one *twelve-year-old boy*.

I'm going to get out of here in two days, and, if they don't advance so fast I can't catch up, I'll be back with the company. And I've got to duplicate those lost articles someway. B.

NAMING A HORSE

In "Drums Afar," by John Murray Gibbon, an auctioneer for the Canadian Patriotic Fund offers to auction the right to name a horse, and a bid comes from the ladies' gallery.

"That's my wife," calls out a guest at the high table.

"That's my money," floats down from the gallery, the answer from an independent Canadian wife. "If you want to win, bid higher."

Then comes a spirited bidding contest between husband and wife which runs the price of the horse up from $300 to $525, at which point the husband quits and his wife gets the horse.

"Madame," said the auctioneer, "what name do you wish to give the horse?"

"Colonel Sam Hughes," was the shrill answer, "because he's a good worker."

Loud cheers for Canada's Minister of Militia.

The auctioneer scratched his head.

"Can't be done," he said; "the horse is also a lady."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of November 6, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Correspondence Between Germany and the President; Germany's Lack of Good Faith; A Deadly Parallel; Berlin; Unconditional Surrender.

Reference: Pages 327, 328, 338, 339, 350.

Questions:

1. Do the points brought out in the correspondence of Germany with the President convince you that Germany has met President's Wilson's conditions of peace? Discuss. 2. What proof is there that Germany has effected "far-reaching" political changes, and that her "military powers are also subject to a people's government"? 3. Ex-President Taft says that President Wilson "is getting nearer and nearer to unconditional surrender." Why, in your opinion, does not President Wilson tell Germany that she must surrender unconditionally? Do you think the American people would like to have him use such terms? Discuss. 4. There are those who believe President Wilson is just the man who should arrange peace with Germany. Do you think it would be safe to leave the peace-making in his hands? Do you think our allies should be willing to let him make final arrangements about peace? Give several reasons. 5. What to you is the significance of The Outlook's "deadly parallel"? 6. The Outlook gives proof of Germany's lack of good faith. Tell just when you will trust Germany. 7. Give the substance and your opinion of The Outlook's editorial entitled "Berlin." 8. Give in your own words a brief account of the inception and development of the Unconditional Surrender Club. What does this correspondence indicate about The Outlook's leadership? 9. What proofs are there that Germany is still impenitent? Look up the meaning of penitence. 10. Read "The Blot on the Kaiser's 'Scutcheon," by N. D. Hillis (Revell); "The Great Crusade," by Lloyd George (Doran); "From Berlin to Bagdad," by G. A. Schreiner (Harpers).

B. Topic: The Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Reference: Pages 328, 329.

Questions:

1. Make clear the difference between local autonomy and independence. Illustrate. Why would not the granting of local self-government to the Czechoslovaks be a satisfactory meeting of the principle laid down by President Wilson before peace can be discussed? 2. Advance several reasons why this war will not be wholly won unless the Austrian Empire is dissolved. 3. Supply the proof for the following: "The Hapsburgs have been imperial pirates and freebooters for quite as long a period as the Hohenzollerns and their record in European history is fully as detestable." 4. Do the reasons why Hungary should be completely independent from Austria hold good for the complete independence of Ireland from England? Be sure that your thinking is based on historical facts and sound reasoning. 5. Why would the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire be of *many-sided* importance? Give several reasons. 6. How are Americans to know when both Austria and Germany have passed beyond mere lip service to political reform and pretense of liberty and truly believe in genuine democracy? 7. Read three very valuable books: "Austria-Hungary: The Polyglot Empire," by von Scheierbrand (Stokes); "The New Map of Europe," by H. A. Gibbons (Century); "The Roots of the War," by W. S. Davis (Century).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The President Re-enters Politics; May Only Money Talk? Making America Safe for Autocracy.

Reference: Pages 338, 339, 349, 350.

Questions:

1. Last May the President declared that "politics is adjourned." On October 24 he reconvened politics. Discuss whether it is reasonable to contend that the President was right last May and also right in October. 2. The President says that "an opposing majority *could* [italics mine] assume control of legislation and oblige all action to be taken amid contest and obstruction." Does the record of the Republicans since the war began show that they *would* do this? It is likely that much of the legislation between now and 1920 will take place *in peace times*. Would it be well to have much of this legislation take place "amid contest and obstruction"? Are contest and obstruction undemocratic? 3. Pick out the most important statements made by The Outlook in the references given for this topic, and discuss why you consider them important.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

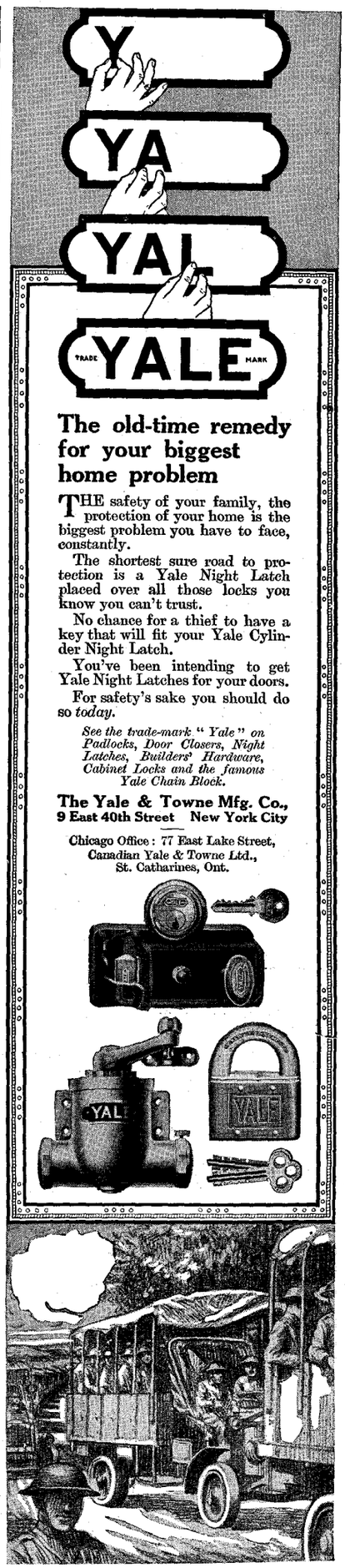
1. No government, however good, is any substitute for self-government. 2. The Allies ought to establish an international receivership for Germany.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for November 6, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Pourparlers (328); satellites (350); *de facto* Government, autonomy (328); politics, function (338).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application



The old-time remedy for your biggest home problem

THE safety of your family, the protection of your home is the biggest problem you have to face, constantly.

The shortest sure road to protection is a Yale Night Latch placed over all those locks you know you can't trust.

No chance for a thief to have a key that will fit your Yale Cylinder Night Latch.

You've been intending to get Yale Night Latches for your doors.

For safety's sake you should do so *today*.

See the trade-mark "Yale" on Padlocks, Door Closers, Night Latches, Builders' Hardware, Cabinet Locks and the famous Yale Chain Block.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.,
9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street,
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.,
St. Catharines, Ont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN, OF THE VIGILANTES

The Great Emancipator, before the veterans of Gettysburg, put into words the soul of America. Although he addressed a limited group assembled for a specific purpose, he expressed the spirit of progress, not only for his day but for all time.

There must be no compromise in dealing with evil. There must be no weakening in our attitude toward Germany, beaten but unregenerate. We must not rest satisfied until the Augean stables of arrogance and cruelty have been thoroughly cleansed.

It will seem like a travesty on our American idealism if the result of all the blood we shed so willingly, of all the agony we endured so nobly, of all the mother-love we sacrificed so freely, is merely a patched-up peace, a yellow truce. Not for this did America throw in all of her resources of mind, heart, and capital.

"That these dead shall not have died in vain," said Lincoln. Let us, facing our great problem, test the peace offered to us in the alembic of his principles. Then we cannot go wrong.

"OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG"

Some time ago I noticed in reading material from the pen of Jenkin Lloyd Jones a criticism of the motto of a Chicago newspaper, "Our country, right or wrong."

In The Outlook of October 16 L. M. Grimes defends Decatur's phrase. He makes about the strongest defense of this sentiment that I can conceive of; and on the surface it seems somewhat plausible and cogent.

But by this rule, how about the position of a judge who finds it necessary in the performance of his duty to sentence his father to prison or to death? A judge who would flinch in such a test would forfeit his claim to fitness for his position. The moral imperative yields to no special claims of consanguinity. Nor can it yield to any special claims of patriotism.

James Russell Lowell, in his description of "The True Man's Fatherland," completely transcends the "my country, right or wrong" conception of patriotism.

By Decatur's rule the German soldiery could justify themselves to America in supporting the nefarious designs of the Kaiser. So, too, could those engaged by Germany in her system of espionage and intrigue justify their conduct. They were acting under direction and command of the recognized authority of their country. By Decatur's rule this was sufficient sanction. They were exempt from the authority of the moral imperative.

"My country, right or wrong," is a plausible but nefarious doctrine based upon a superficial patriotism which has made possible wars without number.

How often have men sprung to arms and at each other's throats at the call of country without any understanding of the issues involved!

Among the many great blessings that will come to humanity out of this great war, perhaps none will be greater than this—that men in masses have come to see as they have never seen before that a true man must ever defend the right, even if and when in doing so he must assail his country.

By Mr. Grimes's rule, the United Empire Loyalists were the only patriots and true men in this country in 1776.

Detroit, Michigan. E. HOWARD DURNIN.

Why Teeth Lose Their Glitter

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Leave the Film

Why do well-brushed teeth discolor and decay?

Why does tartar form?

Why does pyorrhea start?

Millions of people are asking those questions, and the answer is this:

A slimy film constantly forms on your teeth. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and your brushing doesn't remove it. And most tooth troubles are due to that film.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, and many internal troubles are due to them.

These facts have been known for years. But dental science found no way to effectively combat the film. A vigorous dental cleaning from time to time was needed to remove it.

Now a way has been found to combat it. That way is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. You can prove it, as thousands have, by a simple test. This is to urge that you do it.

See the Difference

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not serve. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has now found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, employed in Pepsodent, makes teeth-cleaning vastly more effective.

Able authorities have made clinical tests of Pepsodent. In thousands of cases they have watched its efficiency. Now we are urging all people to prove it in their homes. It means results you do not get without it, and they are all-important.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

That film is your teeth's chief enemy. This test will show you that you can combat it. Then you will always clean your teeth, we think, in this scientific way. Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(135A)

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE

A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 236, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10 cents for special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Advertisement*]

Do Germs and Climate Cause Catarrh, Coughs and Colds?

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

NOTE.—Dr. Alsaker is a successful practicing physician in one of the largest cities of the U. S.

My dear Sir: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. During the winter months my wife suffers with bad colds.

We have taken treatments from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of catarrh, I don't see how it can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject? J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

This gentleman thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should *not*, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acids, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

The right kind of food—food we all like—properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, pimples and blotches to flight, paints roses on the cheeks and makes life worth living.

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely, and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. *If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it.* You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish. It is marvelous what proper eating will do, when other means fail. Don't take my word for it, but prove it in your own case and on your own person.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who get it, can keep it indefinitely. They can also get rid of it and stay rid of it. Those who have catarrh should not complain about it, for they can easily get the knowledge that will show them how to get rid of the disease and maintain health.

In every-day practice I undertake to teach my patients the cause of their trouble and how to live so as to effect a cure. There is no mystery about my system of treatment. It is a plain, common-sense method that any one, young or old, rich or poor, can put into practice in their own home, in any town or city, in any country. There is no expense attached to this plan. It shows you how to live in harmony with the laws and principles that *govern* health. It shows you how, what and when to eat so that your Catarrh will leave you and you will become healthy and happy. Years of experience have proved its complete success.

My instructions are easy to understand and pleasant to follow. No drugs, salves, serums, sprays or health resorts required or prescribed. No special foods to try or buy.

I have given full and complete directions for the cure of catarrh in my book entitled *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds.* Thousands of people in all walks of life have recovered health by following the plan outlined in this book of health building knowledge.

If you want to cure yourself of Catarrh and learn how to prevent colds send two dollars to my publisher, Frank E. Morrison, Dept. 168, 1133 Broadway, New York, for your copy of Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds. Follow my sensible instructions for one month, then if you are not satisfied with the improvement in your health and the lasting value of the treatment recommended, return the book and your money will be refunded.

NOTE. Many patrons have written that this book is worth $100, and some have said $1,000. One man, in ordering a book for a friend, writes: "If it cost $200 the advice would be cheap."

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT: R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is a recognized authority on the subject discussed in the above article. He has put the net result of many years of professional experience with sick people into his writings and it is a real pleasure for me to recommend them because I know from personal experience that good results always follow an observance of his simple instructions. Dr. Alsaker's health instructions are published in five handy volumes at two dollars each. They are: "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds," "Dieting Diabetes and Bright's Disease," "Conquering Consumption," "Curing Constipation and Appendicitis," "Getting Rid of Rheumatism," "Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries." Send $2 for the book that treats of your case and learn quickly how you can recover health and happiness. Money returned if you follow instructions for one month and are not satisfied with results. FRANK E. MORRISON (Estab. 1889), PUBLISHER OF DR. ALSAKER'S EDUCATIONAL HEALTH BOOKS, Dept. 168, 1133 Broadway, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Amateur Vagabond (The). By John and Robert Mätter. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Young men with the *Wanderlust* in their blood will find this a brisk stirring tale, with fisticuffs a-plenty and just a little love-making. The slang, it seems to us, doesn't always ring true, but then it must be hard to report accurately all the slang one would hear in a voyage round the world.

Battles Royal Down North. By Norman Duncan. With an Appreciation by Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.35.

Faith of France (The). By Maurice Barrès. Translated by Elisabeth Marbury. Foreword by Henry van Dyke. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.60.

This is a good translation. M. Barrès indeed interprets the soul of France—its spiritual unity and force. The volume deserves widest circulation. We earnestly commend it.

Some Happenings. By Horace Annesley Vachell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

This is a collection of tales by one of the best English short-story writers. The subjects are pleasantly varied and reach as far as San Francisco on the west, although most of them are natural sketches of English life and character. We are particularly pleased to find in one tale the original form of what is probably Mr. Vachell's best-known book, "Quinney's," later expanded into a novel, dramatized, and, if we are not mistaken, seen on the photo screen.

Tang of Life. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

A tale of gunmen, cowboys, forest rangers, and I. W. W. troubles. The story has knowledge of Western life as well as excitement, but its construction is poorly planned.

War Eagle (The). By W. J. Dawson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

As we might expect from Coningsby Dawson's father, one of the characters in this interesting story is a brilliant youth who surrenders all his ambitions and assured prospects in life at the call of war duty. The volume records events of the first year of the war and the popular attitude towards it in this country; especially the emotions aroused by the sinking of the Lusitania.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Over Indian and Animal Trails. By Jean H. Thompson. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Boys and girls who love animals will delight in these quaint stories of wild life; others who read them will have their interest aroused and their sympathy awakened for the dwellers in woods and fields; and older people will be lured by the suggestion of folk-lore about these tales to read them to the end. Pictures in color add to the interest of the stories.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Sleep Trails. By John Muir. Edited by William Frederic Badè. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

A posthumous collection of papers gathered from a variety of periodical publications by John Muir's friend William Frederic Badè. They are characteristic of a man the charm of whose writings lies in the variety of qualities in his own kaleidoscopic personality. He is explorer, natu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books (Continued)

ralist, poet, and artist, and one never knows what aspect of this varied but harmonious character will look out upon the reader as the pages turn. It is this variety in the author's interests and sympathies which makes him so delightful an interpreter of the ever-varied life of nature. He is equally fascinated as an artist by the wonderful color scheme of the great Cañon of Colorado, and as an adventurer by his wild and perilous night experience on Mount Shasta.

BIOGRAPHY

Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn. By Setsuko Koizuni (Mrs. Hearn). Translated by Paul Kiyoshi Hisada and Frederick Johnson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.

An etching of Lafcadio Hearn by his Japanese wife—simple, naïve, childlike. It gives a pleasant picture of the man and the husband, and an interesting account of his temperament and methods of work.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Christian Ethics in the World War. By W. Douglas Mackenzie. The Association Press, New York. $1.

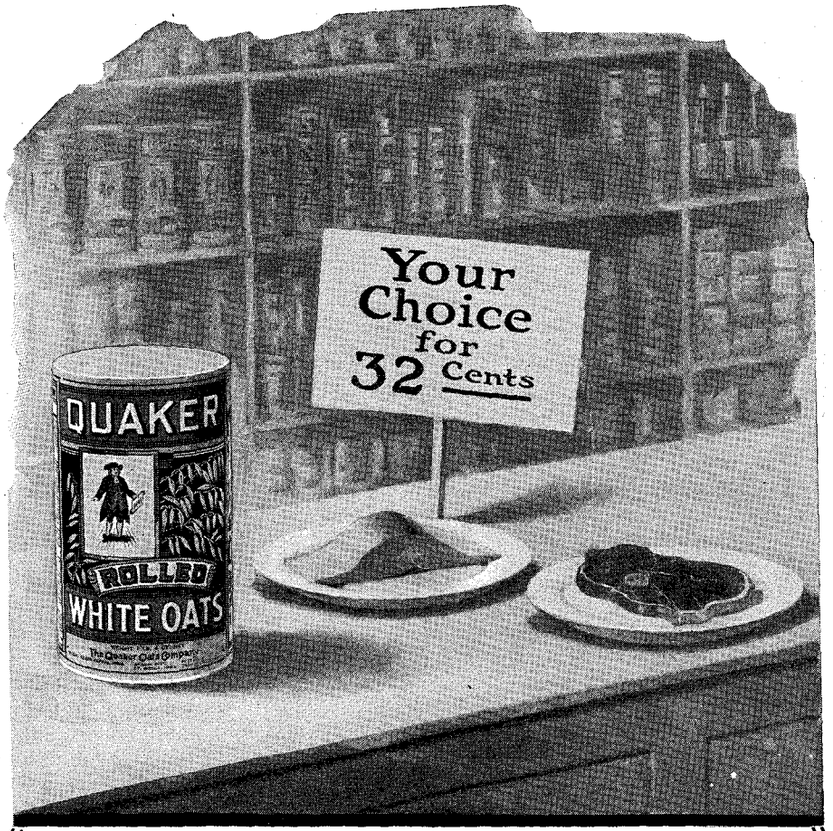
Dr. Mackenzie refuses to consider the question, Is war right or wrong?—a question which he truly says "is infected with what we may call the disease of abstraction." And he goes to the root of the essential question which many have been asking themselves in this time of world war respecting the moral duty of a citizen at such time by the following statement:

> What is the duty of a State which, while maintaining good conduct on its own side, is actually attacked and invaded for purposes of conquest and depredation by another State? The whole and fundamental fact is that when an invading army crosses its border it becomes an organized mass of murderers and robbers. The invaded State has the same responsibility, though a heavier task, towards the invading criminals as towards the less numerous, less organized, less equipped criminals among its own citizens. If the State is to fullfill its duty, the invading force must be put down.

This principle he applies in solving the questions which arise in respect to the present world war. We commend the book as worthy of careful study by those who are in any perplexity respecting the moral issues involved in this war.

Life of God in the Life of His World (The). By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. 60c.

We recommend this little book to any who desire to get an intelligent understanding of what is coming to be the conception of the Trinity, and by that understanding emancipated from the old and irrational interpretation of that doctrine. The contrast between the two is illustrated by the theological statement, "In the unity of the Godhead there be three Persons," and the spiritual statement, "God in three Persons." The one assumes that there are three Persons in God, the other that God is manifested in and through three Persons. Dr. Whiton states this clearly in the sentence, "A Trinity in the substance of God must give place to the conception of it as a Trinity in the activities of God in the life of the world." That this is not an idiosyncratic opinion of one acute thinker is indicated by the author's statement in the preface that it is a revised and amplified edition of an essay written by him for the "Homiletic Review," which "within the last three years has been adopted in the theological seminaries at Auburn, New York (Presbyterian), and Berkeley, California (Congregational), as the basis of their teaching concerning the Trinity."



Choose Wisely

They Differ in Value From 7 to 10-Fold

The large package of Quaker Oats costs from 30 to 32 cents. So does a pound of round steak at this writing—or a pound of fresh halibut.

But, measured in calories—the standard energy unit—they differ in value as follows:

The Quaker Oats package yields	**6221**	**calories**
The pound of round steak yields	**890**	**"**
The pound of halibut yields	**565**	**"**

Quaker Oats gives you, for the same money, about eight times the calory value of meat foods, on the average.

On that basis, each dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys as much as $8 in meats.

It buys as much as $20 in some foods

And Quaker Oats is vastly better food. It is better balanced, more complete. It is rich in needed minerals.

The oat is almost the ideal food, both in flavor and nutrition.

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Use it to cut your meat bills. Mix it with your flour foods.

It means lower cost of living. It means better food for all.

Quaker Oats

Just the Cream of the Oats

The exquisite flavor of Quaker Oats is due to selected grains. We flake the queen oats only—just the big, plump grains.

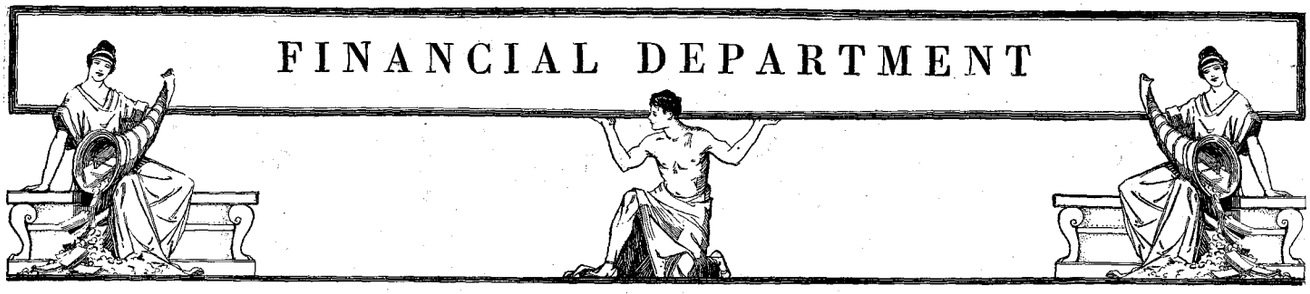
We get but ten pounds from a bushel. When you ask for Quaker Oats you get this extra flavor without extra price. It pays.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

[2025]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE
and the Bond Market

THE National City Company announces the opening of a new office in New York at the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street—No. 514 Fifth Avenue.

In establishing this office for the sale of high-grade bonds and short term notes, the Company has been actuated by a desire to make its unusual service more available to investors living in or visiting New York.

The new office is in the heart of the hotel and shopping district, and will save an hour's time for many who, otherwise, would have to journey to Wall Street. We have provided there every facility for service to investors, including private wires through our main office to many important cities. Information regarding securities will be cheerfully furnished by the trained men and women in charge.

You are cordially invited to visit this new office. We assure you of a hearty welcome and our best attention.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: 514 Fifth Avenue, at 43d Street

Correspondent Offices in thirty-one cities

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT FINANCIAL TOPICS

THE subject of modern languages in banking and business is receiving increasing consideration from all sides. A recent report to the British Prime Minister by a committee appointed "to inquire into the position of modern languages with the educational system of Great Britain" says:

> Spanish has perhaps the greatest commercial importance owing to the size and growing wealth of the Spanish-speaking communities of Central and South America. We have had conclusive evidence of the damage suffered by British trade in America through British ignorance of Spanish. We are told that the Latin races of America are unwilling to learn English or any other foreign language. The citizens of the United States, although themselves not much inclined to study foreign languages, have not only been alert to see a likely advantage here but have displayed an intelligent anticipation of a possible renaissance of Spain itself. We learn that the supply in North America of text-books and handbooks for the study of Spanish is far superior to our own.

The following paragraph is taken from an item which appeared in the Chicago "Daily News" during the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign:

"A representative Civil War bond was the loan of February, 1861, known as the '1881s,' the year in which they matured. Of these twenty-year 6 per cent bonds $18,415,000 were sold at an average price of 89.03. In June, 1861, these bonds sold on the open market at 83, the low record price. They advanced steadily as the Northern prospects improved. By April, 1864, they had risen to 112. After Grant received Lee's surrender the advance continued rapidly. By 1869 the bonds had gone to 125, and in September, 1876, they reached their high record price of 128¾. The prices and dates are from records compiled by the National City Company of New York."

Following is a letter which the Investment Bankers' Association has addressed to its members:

> Venders of questionable securities have never had such a harvest as they have enjoyed since the first Liberty Bond issue was put on the market. They have had no need to buy or build up lists of gullible people, for practically every person they meet is the owner of a Liberty Bond. The traffic in exchanging Liberty Bonds for worthless oil stocks, industrial and mining shares, has reached a point almost unbelievable in its magnitude. It is estimated that the sales of fraudulent securities, either for cash or in trade for Liberty Bonds, have reached the enormous sum of anywhere from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000 a year, and, while there is a wide margin between the two figures, even the smaller figure is a menace to the country.
>
> Will you please forward to this Committee [Committee on Fraudulent Advertising] the name and address and all the information you can get concerning any one who is issuing any kind of security that has not received the approval of the Capital Issues Committee. It is hoped that your reference will include not only issues that are fraudulent on their face, but also municipal, public utility, industrial, and other issues that do not bear the approval of the Capital Issues Committee.
>
> When you forward matter of this kind, please give the name of the security, the name of the person or persons selling it, where it is being sold, and any descriptive literature of any kind that you can get concerning it.

Latest figures on the Fourth Liberty Loan indicate that there were 21,800,000 individual subscribers. It appears, therefore, that about one-fifth of our population are owners of Liberty Bonds. It goes without saying that the vast majority of these are ignorant of investment matters. Never before has the fake stock promoter worked in a field of such rich potentialities.

Southern Pacific stock, which has always sold on a level with the stock of the Santa Fé, surprised the investment world a week or two ago by advancing 15 points to 105.

While the Southern Pacific Company controls the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the railway operations are at the moment the less important phase of its market position. Interest in the Southern Pacific just now is centered on its potentialities as an oil-producing company, and there is a case pending before the United States Supreme Court which involves some 89,500 acres of oil lands in California to which the Southern Pacific Company holds patents.

A railway company cannot patent lands of any mineral value, but if it has procured a patent to lands which subsequently are proved to contain valuable minerals, such patent cannot be canceled unless procured through fraud.

The Southern Pacific Company has proved thus far that its 2,273,000 acres of oil lands were not acquired through fraud. The question before the Supreme Court is a question of law and not of fact. It looks very much as if the Southern Pacific Company would obtain an incontestable patent to its oil property, of which only 89,500 acres are affected by litigation, suits involving 2,188,500 acres having been decided in favor of the company.

Reports from the Northwest indicate that the value of the six principal crops in Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana is $1,243,939,530.

The Minneapolis Federal Reserve District was the first to go over the top in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, having subscribed $239,616,350 as against a quota of $210,000,000.

France and Spain, according to London papers, have under consideration a plan of taking over all railways during the war and until one year after peace has been declared. Under this plan payments on securities would continue as before, and stockholders would receive remuneration equivalent to the average dividends paid in 1915, 1916, and 1917.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Will you kindly explain to me the conversion privilege attaching to the new 7 per cent notes of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, and mention its advantages, if any, to the note-holder.

A. The holder of Interborough Rapid Transit Company 7 per cent notes at his option may convert them into the company's first and refunding 5 per cent bonds at 87½—*i. e.*, exchange each $1,000 note for $1,000 worth of the bonds, each $1,000 bond being valued at $875. It would not be to the note-holder's advantage to make this exchange unless the bonds were selling in the open market at better than 87½.

The first 5s were brought out at 98 and 98½, and in normal times should sell in that neighborhood. If the bonds go to 98½ again before 1921, the maturity of the notes, the 7s would be worth about 112½, for each $1,000 would on conversion call for

Progressive merchants and bankers are looking forward to the reconstruction period after the war.

Intelligent investors are devoting the same shrewdness to their investments. They believe in keeping a finger on the pulse of investment conditions.

"Bond Topics," our house organ, will be published every other month and will be sent to you free on request for Booklet O-200. We are glad to extend this service to investors and are always ready to lend the aid of our experienced investment experts.

Remember to specify Booklet O-200

A·H·Bickmore & Co
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

6% NET
INVEST YOUR SAVINGS
Banks, Trustees, Insurance Companies, Institutions, Etc., have invested with us for years without the loss of a cent in principal or interest. Individuals are invited to take advantage of our First Mortgages on improved farms, $300 and up. 25 years' experience. Our record an open book. Write for full particulars.
THE FARM MORTGAGE TRUST CO.
503 Jackson St. Topeka, Kansas

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES
Back Up America's Farms
Crop production demands on the farmer have doubled. More land under cultivation needs new cash behind it. Our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds offer a real opportunity to serve your country to-day. Send for Pamphlet "S" and current offerings. Amounts to suit.
E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.
Capital and Surplus $500,000

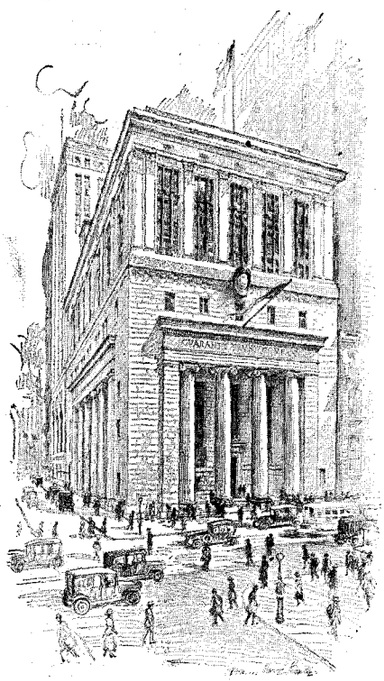
For Re-investment
6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
NEVER have we had a more attractive investment list of 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bond issues. All of the issues we recommend are marked by more than ordinary stability and safety. And all are backed by new, income-producing property of twice or more than twice the value of the issue. Mail your request today for our Re-investment List.
Write for booklet, "For Re-investment"
Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.
Harry W. Ford, Pres.
90 L Griswold Street *Detroit*
(170)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Investment Problem

UNDER present conditions sound investment securities are available at prices which yield unusually attractive returns. In solving your investment problem—in placing your funds or in re-investing your holdings to the best advantage—the Bond Department of this Company can be of service to you.

This department is a complete investment organization, with every modern facility for service to investors. It investigates, examines, and underwrites bond and note issues; buys and sells securities; and furnishes information relating to investments. Through our correspondents in various cities, these facilities are placed at the convenient disposal of our customers outside of New York.



This Company is an organization—of which the Bond Department is a part—covering completely the field of banking and trust service.

Through its Banking Department, the Company transacts a general commercial banking business. As a member of the Federal Reserve System the Company is enabled to extend to its customers the credit facilities and rediscount and collection privileges of a member bank.

Through its Foreign Department and its affiliations and connections throughout the world, the Company affords a complete foreign banking service. It also gives special attention to the banking needs of officers and men in the American Expeditionary Force and other recognized organizations abroad.

Through its Trust Department the Company acts in every fiduciary capacity for corporations and individuals.

Your inquiries as to how we may serve you will be welcomed.

Our monthly booklet, *Investment Recommendations*, is mailed on request

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

FIFTH AVE. OFFICE
Fifth Ave. & 43rd St.

MADISON AVE. OFFICE
Madison Ave. & 60th St.

LONDON OFFICES
32 Lombard St., E. C.
5 Lr. Grosvenor Pl., S. W.

PARIS OFFICE
Rue des Italiens, 1 & 3

TOURS OFFICE
Rue Etienne Pallu, 7

Capital & Surplus $50,000,000 Resources over $600,000,000

Questions and Answers (Continued)

$1,142.86 par value of first 5s, which at 98½ would be worth $1,125.71.

In brief, if at maturity conditions are favorable, the note-holder may accept in exchange long-term bonds at a very reasonable figure, and if they are not, he may demand cash.

Q. I am considering the investment of my hard-earned savings in the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company stock. Would you consider it wise to buy the stock at its present low figure?

A. Broadly speaking, no common stock is a proper investment for "hard-earned savings." The element of speculation is too great. We would be inclined to class the stock of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company as a business man's risk, although a very good one. As you probably know, at the close of 1917 this company reported a profit and loss account credit of $1,128,281, as against $1,920,000 capital stock.

If you feel that you can afford to buy securities other than those of the very highest class, and consequent comparatively low yield, why not consider some of the short-term issues offered at prices to yield 7 to 7¾ per cent? We refer particularly to Bethlehem Steel Company 7s, Armour & Co. 6s, Procter & Gamble 7s, Amalgamated Sugar 7s, Duquesne Light 6s, and American Cotton Oil 7s.

Q. I have in trust about $1,000 for investment. Will you kindly tell me what that amount put into General Motors would bring, and how safe an investment in that stock would be? Also how would one go about purchasing stock? I have had very little experience with affairs of this sort and will appreciate any information.

A. The laws of your State, New Jersey, limit the securities in which savings banks and trust funds may be legally invested roughly to certain municipal bonds and to first mortgage bonds of the steam railways which have paid not less than 4 per cent on their lowest class of stock during the five years just prior to the date of purchase. Since stocks are not included, your proposed investment in General Motors cannot be made under the law.

There are many railway bonds among those listed on the New York Stock Exchange which are legal—for example, the first mortgage bonds of either the Union Pacific, the Atchison, or the Northern Pacific Railway.

Any good bond house will be pleased to furnish detailed information on request, and after you have made selection will execute your order, sending bill for amount due, or shipping the security to your bank with draft attached.

Q. I have about $3,000 that I want to invest in some good interest-bearing security or stock. While safety comes first, I would like to get at least seven or eight per cent on this investment.

I have thought of Reading Railway stock, Southern Pacific Railway stock, and Wabash Preferred "A" stock. Would you give me your opinion on the above, and at the same time mention some other securities in which I might invest this sum and be safe?

A. All of the stocks mentioned in your letter are safe investments. To your list might also be added Great Northern Preferred, Northern Pacific capital stock, and Bethlehem Steel new 8 per cent preferred.

As investments of a slightly higher grade, which nevertheless are now selling to yield very attractive returns, we would suggest some of the short-term securities which are convertible into either long-term bonds or stocks. We have particularly in mind in this connection Interborough Rapid Transit Company 7 per cent notes and Armour & Co. 6s, both of which yield over seven per cent at prevailing prices.

Some of the long-term railway bonds, such as Southern Railway general and development 4s at 66½, to yield 6.35 per cent, might meet your requirements.

Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Department of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

The Outlook Financial Department

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

represent the highest type of investments. They have stood the test of wars and business depression since 1858—60 years, and always worth 100%.
Interest paid promptly at maturity.

FARM MORTGAGE BONDS in $500 and $1,000 denominations

For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

A·G·Danforth·&·Co

BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
WASHINGTON · ILLINOIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RHYMES IN PROSE ON MY VERBAL THROES

To The Outlook's Editor (from a Perplexed Contributor):

You say (in By the Way) that you have wondered where those "flying" verbs were found, but I—well, I have blundered over some here on the ground; so, while you quote the queerness of *to blip, blimp, conk,* or *quirk,* I marvel at their nearness to the words I daily shirk. No doubt you were but jesting; still, your aviation slang has gone abroad molesting that of terra-firma twang. You "started it"! The telling of your own perplexity has tempted this compelling of your sympathy for me.

I took my English training in a good old-fashioned school which boasted of obtaining strict attention to each rule; it taught pronunciations, definitions, spelling, use—in all the complications that our English words produce; so, when that course was finished, I was free from foolish fears of word conceit diminished with the passing of the years. In fact, I went on living through some thirty years or so before the first misgiving came to blight the words I know; but times—and words—are changing, and to-day I must confess my need of rearranging all my language, for, unless I take some new instruction in the modern mode of speech, I'll miss the introduction to the style it seems to teach.

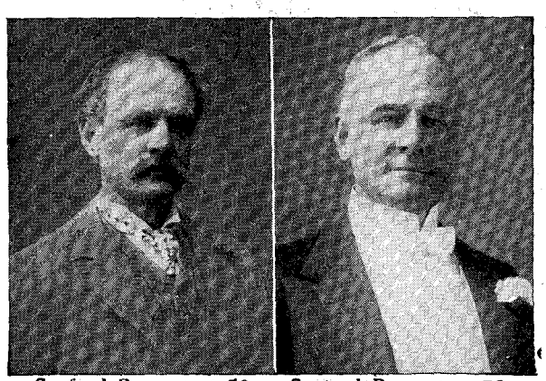
I've studied all the papers, thinking they might show me how to understand the capers that mere words indulge in now; for some are growing very shy, and some that used to stay within the dictionary are in everybody's way; a few have been purloined by the movies; many more have recently been coined in the progress of the war, and just to merely mention any pal of *camouflage* will stimulate contention like the accent of garage; so here you find me trying hard to figure out a scheme for properly applying words that are not what they seem.

In trying to discover where the terms of motor cars invade the ones that hover round the moving-picture stars, I've made a fair concession to the phrases that began in methods of expression needed by the bleacher fan, and still I find them jumbled in a hopeless sort of heap o'er which my tongue has stumbled.

The good old definitions that I learned so long ago seem lost in competition with the ones I do not know; and isn't it distressing to be forced to stop and *think* because your gift for guessing won't supply the missing link! A *leader,* so they tell me, is title on a screen intended to compel appreciation of the scene; while *business* now, quite happily, is *playing* here and there, and *fords,* adorned with capitals, are running everywhere; such words as *in* and *off* and *on* rule movie, game, and car—so don't presume to scoff unless you know just where you are. Can you define a *pocket* or a *fabric,* may I ask; a *camber* or a *sprocket* or a *million-dollar mask;* a *slice* or *lug* or *timer,* or a *cut-out* or *release;* a *sprag* or *set* (or *rhymer*)? Come, describe them quickly, please; but do not ever make a guess at what they seem to be—for *blow-outs* are mistaken, just that way, for *comedy,* and *farces* prove perplexing when the *action* is a bluff. With all these problems vexing you, why don't you say, "Enough"?

But this is not, however, all the knowledge you will need, and you perhaps may never reach the height of lingual speed; for *slanguage* is expanding too, and you will have to face attempts at understanding if you're going to keep the pace. You'll have to know the forcefulness of *beat it* and *skiddoo,* or else some boy's horseless wagon may run over you. (I'm giving you fair warning that vocabularies may allow your lofty scorning, but it really doesn't pay.) When officers of law to-day go out and catch a thug, this man who should be brought to jail is *landed in the jug;* and when some poor benighted stumbler begs for charity, he's apt to be invited to *bark up some other tree.* Just so a few hard-working words must tolerate abuse, while other ones are shirking without plausible excuse. For instance, good old spellers recognized the name-word, head; but now the world's "best sellers" choose from dozens in its stead. There's *dome* and *bean* and *bealer, belfry, skull,* and *knob* and *nut* (a real accomplished *spieler* uses *conk* and *coco*); but you need not be confined to these, for *cranium* and *peak* fit like well-worn sox if you've a mind to make them useful when you speak about your *brain-box.* Surely it's a privilege to be protected so securely from that word, head. Heads may be *cracked* or *lammed* or *slugged* or subject to abuse by being *biffed* or *bammed* or *bumped*—whichever way you choose. To use alliteration, just invent it as you go—there is no limitation to the way that words may grow.

Alas for stern devotion to each lingual twist or turn, it leaves me with a notion that I am too old to learn. I find myself unlucky in this word-reforming age; but *you*—well, you are plucky if you're following this page; so won't you help your nation, please, by proffering a plan to save the situation? Yes, and tell me, if you can, what do you think I'd better do to solve my sorry plight? *If* you have read this letter, thank you kindly—and *Good night!* MAUD M. DOOLITTLE.



Sanford Bennett at 50 Sanford Bennett at 78

An Old Man at Fifty A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

By V. O. SCHWAB

There is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. Today he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. Today they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. Today he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and, as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; external cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," with its 400 pages profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many Courses of Instruction selling for $25 or more. But you can secure a copy of this book for only $3. Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publisher will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" on approval without deposit. Sanford Bennett's system, as fully described and illustrated in his book, increases nerve force and nerve energy, benefiting every organ of the body—the brain included—by keeping the vertebræ of the spinal column young, flexible, elastic, and in perfect alignment. If, after examination in your own home you feel you can afford to be without youth and health, send the book back within five days and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send your check for $3. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," will be sent to you at once.

MAIL COUPON

For having solved the problem of prolonging youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course, there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publisher will allow you to do without cost or obligation, through his "send no money" offer. But it is advisable to mail the coupon today, because this unusual no-risk offer is liable to be withdrawn any moment. Address CHAS. H. DESGREY, Book Publisher, Dept. 111, 5084 Metropolitan Building, New York.

MAIL THIS TODAY—NO MONEY REQUIRED

CHAS. H. DESGREY, Book Publisher,
Dept. 111, 5084 Metropolitan Building, New York

Send me Sanford Bennett's Book—"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." I will either remail the book within five days after receipt and owe you nothing, or will send $3 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

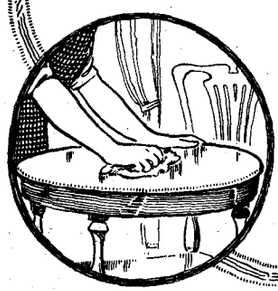
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Real "Fountain of Youth" for Fine Furniture and Floors

Is your good furniture showing signs of use and age? Restore the beauty of newness with 3-in-One Oil. Put a few drops of 3-in-One on a cloth wrung out of cold water. Go over every piece in library, living-room, dining-room and bedrooms—not forgetting the mahogany case of the piano. Dry and polish with a soft cloth, following the grain of the wood.

The results will surprise and delight you. Brighten up desks and other office furniture in the same way.

Your floors, too, need regular treatment with 3-in-One. Make your own polish mop. Cut off any mop 4 inches from the handle and pour on a little 3-in-One Oil. This polish mop will take up all the lint and dust and make your floors look fine.

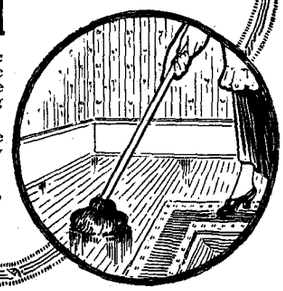


3-in-One Oil

is sold at all stores in 15c, 25c and 50c bottles, also in 25c Handy Oil Cans. The 50c bottle is extra economical, containing ½ pint.

FREE Sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses sent for the asking,

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 AEF. Broadway
New York



What a Young Man Ought to Know

Stall's Books
HELP WIN THE WAR

NO nation has ever made the same efforts to keep its boys clean and strong as America. Stall's Books teach boys and men, girls and women that right living and thinking will bring Victory.

"WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW"
"WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW"
"WHAT A YOUNG HUSBAND OUGHT TO KNOW"
"WHAT A MAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW"

"WHAT A YOUNG GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW"
"WHAT A YOUNG WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW"
"WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW"
"WHAT A WOMAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW"

6 Separate Books. Price $1.20 Net Each Per Copy

At all bookshops or from
THE VIR PUBLISHING COMPANY
558 Church Bldg., 15th and Race Sts. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Only $1.00 Down

Set in Solid Gold

Yes, mail us only $1, and we will send you prepaid on 10 days' free trial, a Lachnite mounted in solid gold. When it comes merely deposit $3.75 with the postman, and then wear the ring 10 full days. Free Trial If you or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond send it back and all your money will be returned at once. But if you keep it send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send $1 today and tell us which of the two rings illustrated above (ladies' or men's) you wish. Be sure to send the size of your finger.

Harold Lachman Co. Dept. 2437, 12 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

NEW OPPORTUNITIES

are opening daily for trained men and women. Never has the demand been so great and the pay so large. Our free booklet explains how, in your spare time at home, you may become a Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, Banker, Broker, Corporate Secretary, Business Organizer, Advertising, Sales and Real Estate Expert by our easy system. Send for booklet and state which course interests you.

Universal Business Institute,
187 Pullman Bldg., N. Y.

What 15c will bring You from the Nation's Capital

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve-center of civilization; history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days.

The little matter of **15c** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **26th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation **13** weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. **The Pathfinder, Box 37, Washington, D. C.**

BY THE WAY

An amusing example of English "as she was written" in France a hundred years ago is quoted in "The Diary of a Girl in France in 1821." "At some shops," says the diary, "there is written 'English spoken here,' and on one 'English *spiked* here.'"

A contributor to the London "Sphere" writes that he discovered a relative of Dickens's Tony Weller the other day, after thinking that the species was extinct. A question about a pending strike brought out this specimen of Cockney thought and dialect:

> "Do you mean the 'bus and tram strike, sir? I don't take no interest in it at all. A different class altogether. I may tell you, sir, there's nothing we cabmen so dislike as to have a customer drop a 'bus ticket on the floor of the cab. He gives you tuppence. *Tuppence!* And me past my fifty-third birthday. My time for buying sweets is gone by."

This cabby used his opportunity to good advantage, and must have forced a liberal tip from even a tight-buttoned pocket.

In a chapter on "Suggestion" in a book called "Every-day Efficiency" this practical advice is given to people who are about to make a disagreeable visit: "Frequently you have a choice of associated ideas, but unless you exercise control in the matter, the less desirable idea is apt to assert itself. You have, for instance, an engagement with the dentist, and you associate it with the idea of pain. A little effort will enable you to substitute for this idea that of the *comfort and relief* you will enjoy after the extraction of the bad tooth. Most undesirable associated ideas admit of similar substitution."

"The scraps of information that one picks up while looking for something else," writes a subscriber, "are often of far greater interest than the thing originally sought for. For instance, I was trying the other day to verify a date in 'The Historians' History,' and came on this passage, quoted from Theodore Just: 'Belgium was thus the principal cause, the determining cause, of the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. . . . During a hundred and fifty years the armies of most of the nations of Europe came to fight in the plains of Belgium, to besiege her towns, to devastate her country districts; thousands of men perished on this everlastingly disputed soil.' This was written in Paris in 1894; and the historian might to-day repeat most of these words with emphasis increased a hundredfold."

He was the "smallest man on earth." She was the snake-charmer. They worked together in the side show of the big circus. They married—unhappily. The snake-charmer explained: "No, I never found it hard to manage snakes. Not nearly so hard as getting along with him. My job of snake-charmer was mostly 'bunk,' because a woman who 'charms' snakes doesn't have any special power over them. Just feed them enough, handle them gently, and they won't bother you. I suppose the same thing can be said of man-charming too, but it didn't seem to work in my case." The snake-charmer is five feet six inches tall and now works as a cloak model. The husband was two feet seven inches tall and of difficult disposition. "Incompatibility" developed.

As showing that the movie people really say things while they are before the camera, a photoplay magazine says that "feet and feet of film" were ruined by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the Way (Continued)

star's laughter in a serious scene with her black maid. The maid was supposed to say concerning the star's wayward husband, "I don't sca'cely know Marse John, he ain't nuffin to me!" Instead she forgot her lines and said, "No, miss, dey—dey ain't nothin' between Marse John and me!"

Concerning the possibility of harboring all the animals of Noah's time in the Ark, which is questioned by modern scholars as quoted in this column October 16, a subscriber writes: "The article you quote cannot be right, for two reasons: First, the Bible tells us this was what God ordered taken into the Ark. Second, if only two of each sort of clean beasts and birds were taken, and Noah sacrificed one each of these at the foot of the mountain after the flood, there would have been left only *one* of each species; hence the seventh, for sacrifice. We don't know how the Ark *was* arranged; but it must have held all that the Creator wished in it."

The above arguments are respectfully referred to the editors of Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," the work quoted from. They have not imitated the wisdom of the editors of another encyclopædia, who are said to have dodged the controversy about the Flood by saying under Deluge (*see Flood*), under Flood (*see Inundation*), and under Inundation referring the patient reader back again to *Deluge*. Hastings's Encyclopædia takes the bull by the horns in an elaborate discussion under Deluge; but as the work is still uncompleted, our subscriber's letter might have consideration under *Noah* or even *Rain* or *Water*.

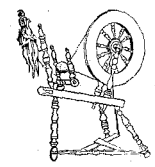
A humorist writes to the New York "Sun" proposing an extension of the daylight saving plan: "We are all more or less familiar with this scheme—how we get up an hour earlier in the morning, go to work sooner, and eat lunch in the middle of the forenoon, all for the sake of retiring an hour earlier in the evening. This should be followed to its logical sequence. I therefore propose that the entire calendar be set ahead six months on the first of November. By doing this we escape the long, cold winter, save coal—whether we have it or not—enjoy theoretically the balmy spring days of May almost immediately, and in a word gain everything while losing nothing but time, which so many are trying to kill anyway."

A lesson to teachers that the "sullen" pupil may, after all, be anything but indifferent or unwilling is contained in an incident related in the "National Geographic Magazine" by a teacher in Camp Kearny. The recruit was a "typical Mexican," and was trying to learn English. "With each lesson he grew more silent, less responsive, more ill at ease. And then one day, when a question too many had been hurled at him, suddenly and without warning . . . his head went down into his arms. And in the silence which followed, as pupils and teacher looked away from his shaking shoulders, there rose a dreadful accusation." That accusation, interpreted, is that the teacher is at fault who does not use infinite patience in trying to bring the alien into sympathy with his new environment.

The New Orleans "Picayune," which is doubtless an authority on dialect, prints this dialogue: "Tilda: 'Pass the 'lasses.' Lizzie (who has attended school): 'Don't say 'lasses, say molasses.' Tilda: 'How come I say *mo'* 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?'"

A pledge to save is a pledge to fight—
Buy Thrift and War Saving Stamps

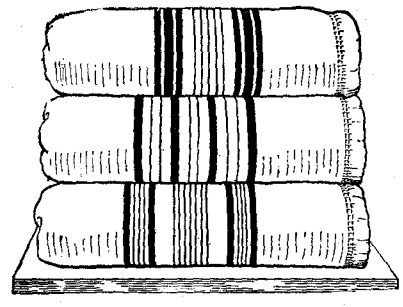
McCutcheon's



Reg. Trade-Mark

Blankets and Comfortables

With the long winter ahead and a shortage of fuel that is going to make it difficult to keep homes as warm as usual, it behooves the wise housekeeper to invest in plenty of good warm Blankets and Comfortables.



Blankets

We have a full stock of Blankets from the best domestic manufacturers, in all sizes and all qualities.

Single Bed Size, $5.00, 6.00, 8.00 per pair, and up to 35.00.

Three-quarter Bed Size, $6.00, 7.00, 9.00 per pair, and up.

Double Bed Size, $10.50, 11.50, 12.50 per pair, and up to $42.50.

We have also an excellent selection of extra-long Blankets and Crib Blankets.

Comfortables

A wide variety in a large range of colors and qualities.

Cotton-filled Comfortables, covered with Silkoline. $4.25 and 7.50.

Figured Silk Mull Centre, plain Silk Mull border. $7.50.

Wool-filled Comfortables, covered with figured Nainsook, Sateen borders. $9.00.

In addition we have a complete line of plain colors, Silk and Satin-covered, Wool-filled; also a full assortment of fine Brocade Silks and Satins.

If you anticipate adding to your supply of either Blankets or Comfortables this winter we respectfully suggest that you make your purchases now while stocks are complete and before prices advance again.

Christmas Shopping

To avoid disappointment, do your Christmas Shopping NOW. Our Christmas Stocks are Complete in all departments.

Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Streets, N. Y.

IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address Mrs. HARLEIGH JOHNSTON, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, California.

CONNECTICUT

Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD Litchfield Co., Conn.

The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. $14 a week and up. Booklet A.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

FLORIDA

HOTEL LONGWOOD Longwood, Florida

A homelike resort for homelike folks where winters are like Northern autumns. High, dry land. Not a case of influenza here as yet. Lakes, good roads. FREEMAN H. MERRITT, Hotel Longwood, Longwood, Fla.

St. Augustine—The Valencia

and Cottages, in the residence end of St. George St. November to May. Open fires, steam heat, electric lights, large upper and lower verandas overlooking gardens. Write for information and reference.

BRETTON INN

Ormond Beach, Fla.

Opens December 4th.

Golf. Good Roads.
Bathing. Orange Groves.
Fuel and Food in Plenty.

JAMES P. VINING, Mgr.

MASSACHUSETTS

PILGRIM INN

Williamstown, Massachusetts
In the Berkshires

Wanted—A limited number of guests who are seeking a homelike place, quiet and restful.

Hotels and Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well

you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.

It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis

31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square

adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Greenacre Farm
AIKEN, S. C.

Can accommodate guests who wish to rest and live outdoors in the ideal winter climate of the high pine and sand country. Excellent food and care. Furnished Bungalows.

Health Resorts

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa.

The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well

An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium

A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Real Estate

IDAHO

FOR RENT At Hayden Lake, Idaho, 2,240 ft. altitude, surrounded by *mountains of Forest Reserve, a fully furnished* nine-room cottage, furnace heat, electricity, telephone; good steam and electric railway *connections; wonderful drives and walks;* near Spokane and good markets; locality particularly desirable for invalids. Will rent for *6 months or longer; immediate possession.* Address Owner, P. O. Box 608, Spokane, Wash.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE

A SUCCESSFUL CAMP FOR BOYS

Beautifully located on well-known New Hampshire lake. Complete equipment. Price moderate. 2,744, Outlook.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

COPLEY CRAFT CHRISTMAS CARDS. Hand-colored, with specially appropriate verses. Sent on approval. Consignments for sales. Discounts to those selling among friends. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Medical social worker for important field in anthracite coal district. Apply *in own handwriting, giving full particulars,* to Social Service Department, Wilkes-Barre City Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENTS, secretaries, governesses, matrons, dietitians, mothers' helpers, companions, etc. The Wilton Exchange, Box 270, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WANTED—An American young lady as companion-helper in small private family. Address, stating age and particulars, 6,363, Outlook.

MALE companion for gentleman recovering *from nervous and mental breakdown.* Must be refined, athletic, fond of walking, steady, willing to travel. Position in many *ways exceptional.* Hours for study. 6,381, Outlook.

WANTED—Experienced nurse for child 20 months. Highest references for disposition and ability required. $12 a week. 6,372, Outlook.

WANTED, about December 1, reliable woman, about 30 years of age, to assist semi-invalid and to be generally helpful in the home. Undergraduate nurse preferred. Personal interview in New York absolutely imperative. 6,373, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Competent, experienced woman to take charge of cafeteria and soda water department in large year round hotel in South. Attractive position year round and good pay to right person. Address, with references, experience, etc., Virginia Hotel, 6,379, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WANTED—Nursery governess for perfectly well girl *baby, three years old.* Must be experienced, and preferably one who speaks French. Parents live in large hotel. Every facility *for comfort and convenience is furnished.* Faithfulness and efficiency will be expected and kindly consideration given. Permanent position with good pay. Address Southern Family, 6,380, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED English governess. Good physical care. *Little children* New York or vicinity preferred. 6,382, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SUPERINTENDENT.—Capable middle-aged man with ten years' successful experience as superintendent of growing institution desires similar position. An adequate salary, including living for man and wife. 6,350, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, by woman of dignity, refinement, and experience, position as home-maker *in house of widower or an invalid where one* or more servants are kept. Capable of taking full charge. Well adapted to home and work *of physician. References exchanged.* 6,374, Outlook.

REFINED Scotch widow wishes position as *housekeeper in widower's family. Highest* references as to character and ability. 6,378, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

MRS. A. S. Shelby opened her cooking school for young ladies October 15. New classes every week being formed. The home and surroundings ideal. The best care and table assured—full course in six weeks. One mile from Lexington in trolley. For terms and particulars address Mrs. A. S. Shelby, Versailles Road, Lexington, Ky.

YOUR WANTS IN EVERY LINE

of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED